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"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."—Dr. Johnson.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

James Paull, *Esq.*

LIKE many other great men, Mr. Paull was of a low origin. In the rancour of political enmity and cabal this was made a subject of reproach; but had he shone in literature or the arts it would have been a boast. His father was a tailor in a considerable line of business at Perth, who, after bestowing a liberal education upon six sons, has long since retired from business. His second son, James, was sent from the grammar school at Perth to finish his education at the college of St. Andrews, and was afterwards articled to one of the most respectable attornies in Perth, whence he went to Edinburgh to practice.

His father afterwards procured for him a situation as a writer in the East India Company's service: he was at this time about twenty years of age; and on leaving his country, he left also those levities of youth which a volatile disposition and want of experience too often produce. From this period assiduity and integrity marked his career. He had scarcely been two years in India, before he remitted enough to remunerate the expenses of his equipment. He also requited his mother's partiality, by a small annuity which he increased with the increase of his finances.

After about fourteen years absence, he returned to Perth, and evinced by his conduct that prosperity had not altered him; he was grateful and kind to his parents, and he invited all his old friends and acquaintance to a public entertainment and dance in the town-hall of Perth, the use of which he obtained for that purpose. He returned to India in 1802, to make arrangements in some extensive commercial concerns with which he was engaged; and as he had resolved to settle in England, he returned for the last time in 1804.

This formed the first epoch in his public life; from hence his parliamentary history commences, and here he may be allowed to speak for himself. In the letter which he addressed to Lord Folkstone, in October 1806, just after the dissolution of parliament, he asserts, that having, during several years residence in India, been an eye-witness of many of those acts of Lord Wellesley, which had recently been developed to the nation; having formed a resolution to make them the subject of legal investigation, and knowing that for such an investigation the House of Commons was the only place that afforded a rational hope of success; "I did," says he, "upon my return to England, in the latter part of 1804, take measures for obtaining a seat in that assembly; an object which was accomplished in the ensuing June, on the 8th of which month I took my seat in the House as one of the members for Newtown, in the Isle of Wight.

"In a very few days after I had taken my seat, I moved, as your lordship will recollect, for the production of those papers, which, for the pretended reasons so well exposed by yourself, were not produced until the month of February last. My motions, upon that occasion, were seconded by that great and upright statesman, Mr. Windham; and many days had not subsequently elapsed, when the Prince of Wales, at a visit made at Carleton House, took occasion to express his entire satisfaction at my conduct, and in a manner which, as your lordship will perceive by a detailed relation of it, was eminently calculated to add to my zeal and perseverance in the

mighty task, which seeing no other man willing to undertake, I had ventured to impose upon myself.

"'You have,' said his Royal Highness to me, 'opened a battery against the Marquis.' 'A powerful one,' said Colonel M'Mahon, who, with Mr. Day, were present at the conversation. 'His conduct in Oude,' added the Prince, 'has been truly shocking. I have had much conversation with my young friend Treves on the subject, who gave me the poor Nabob's picture. I trust the battery will not be silenced next session, as some Indian batteries have been." His Royal Highness also stated, that a few days before, at Sir John Throckmorton's, he had conversed fully on the subject, with Mr. Windham, and congratulated me, and the cause I had espoused, on the aid of a gentleman of such inflexible integrity and unbounded talents, on whom I might confidently rely. Delighted with sentiments so patriotic and just, and with expressions of such warm approbation I assured his Royal Highness, that he might safely rely on my perseverance, and that he would have only to regret, that my talents were altogether unequal to my zeal.

"This conversation took place in July 1805, just after the prorogation of Parliament. On the 17th of the ensuing month of September, when a general expectation of an immediate dissolution of Parliament was entertained, Colonel M'Mahon requested me, and as he informed me, at the particular instance of the Prince, to endeavour to ascertain upon what ground I myself should, in case of a dissolution, stand with regard to my then seat in Parliament, as it was by all means desirable to secure for the party as many seats as possible. I reported, on the 20th of the same month, an unfavourable answer; and in consequence thereof, Colonel M'Mahon, on the 24th, explicitly assured me, in the name of the Prince, that, if a dissolution should take place then, or at any period before the natural demise of the Parliament, I should be so placed as to a seat, as to leave me no reason to regret that I had, without attending to personal considerations, entered Parliament at a most critical epoch. The rumour of a dissolution being again current early in January last, the same assurance was not only repeated, but a particular borough in Cornwall, was named by Colonel M'Mahon, who added, that the Prince of Wales, with his own hand, had inserted my name, a few evenings before, together with those of the Hon. Mr. Lamb, Sir John Shelly, and others as intended to be returned for the 'favoured boroughs.'

"It was not, however, until the 27th of January, that I received a full demonstration of the effects of the changes then actually taking place. On that day, when I had, agreeably to notice, several motions to make in the House of Commons, relative to Lord Wellesley, I was requested by Colonel M'Mahon in writing, and, as he stated, by command of the Prince of Wales, to attend at Carlton House, between two and three o'clock. On my arrival, I found the Duke of Bedford in audience with the Prince, and the Duke of Norfolk waiting for the same purpose; and, as I was obliged to be in the House by four o'clock, Colonel M'Mahon communicated to me the wishes of the Prince, which were (for I immediately made a minute of the conversation), 'that the new ministry being almost formed, Lord Grenville had been at Carlton House, and had spoken particularly upon the subject of Lord Wellesley; that the Prince, in consequence, wished me to give up all further proceedings against him; that he had seen with particular regret the notices which I had given for that day; that, at all events, it would be prudent for myself, and pleasing to the Prince, and the greater part of the new ministry, for me to lay upon my oars, at present, as Mr. Francis, Mr. Sheridan, and others, had done.' My answer was, that it gave me exquisite pain to act contrary to the wishes of the Prince of Wales, but that, seeing, to obey those wishes, as thus communicated to me, would be to abandon the cause of justice, and to ruin my own character for ever in the eyes of all honest and honourable men, I was compelled to pursue the line of conduct which I had traced out for myself; and, accordingly, I proceeded to the House of Commons, where I made my promised motions, which you, my Lord, did me the honour to se-

cond, and for which support I have only to hope, that, sooner or later, your country will feel as deep a sense of gratitude as that which will ever remain in my own breast.

"The next day, having in the mean while received an expression of regret through Colonel M'Mahon, I wrote to Mr. Fox, fully describing the path from which I was resolved never to depart; I depicted the measures and the conduct of Lord Wellesley; I reminded him of the principles which I had imbibed from himself; and I besought him in a tone the most urgent, and yet the most respectful, to spare me the sorrow, and all his admirers the mortification of being compelled, by any connivance of his at an attempt to screen Lord Wellesley, to think differently of him, who had ever been the object of my esteem and veneration. In answer to this letter, I received a note referring the matter to a personal interview; which interview, after a subsequent appointment, took place in February, when he, with his usual frankness, told me, that, 'As Mr. Sheridan had given up the prosecution of the conduct of Lord Wellesley in the Carnatic, and as Mr. Francis had, in like manner, given up his proposed inquiry into the affairs of the Mahrattahs, he had much wished, on account of Lord Grenville, who had resolved to stand by Lord Wellesley, that further proceedings, on my part also, could have been given up with honour: that my letter, however, had destroyed all hope of that sort; that, such being the case, and knowing, as he did, of the intended Dispatch of the Court of Directors, he would countenance a fair investigation, but would, however, pledge himself to no specific step to be taken therein; that, though he would attend in his place, he would not sound a trumpet in any intermediate stage of the discussions, but that, when the question was fairly brought before the House, he would conscientiously do his duty. It has,' added he, 'been suggested to us,' (the ministers) 'to withdraw, or to keep away, when the discussions upon this subject are to come on; and some of us have been inclined to do so; but for my part, *I cannot and will not do that.*'"

Mr. Fox did attend, but Lord Folkstone only and a few friends gave Mr. Paull any assistance; and it is well known, that the dissolution that followed put an end to any further prosecution on the part of Mr. Paull. However, it appeared that this letter to Lord Folkstone very strongly recommended Mr. Paull to the notice of Sir Francis Burdett.

In the session of 1806, Mr. Paull first distinguished himself by the charges which he preferred against the Marquis of Wellesley. One of the charges imputed to him the wanton and profuse expenditure of the Company's money for his own individual luxury and vanity, particularly in the article of lamps for his own residence. Another charge, respecting his conduct towards the Nabob of Oude, criminated him for exacting immense sums from this prince, without any provocation, and in opposition to express orders from the Company at home, and contrary also to existing treaties. He charged the Marquis also, with demanding from this Nabob, the surrender of territories guaranteed by positive compact: with urging the disbanding of his armies, and with treatment of disrespect and severity; and such degradation in the eyes of his subjects, whom the Marquis was stated to have perpetually inflamed to disaffection and rebellion, as were calculated to produce his resignation.

These charges were brought forward on Tuesday, April 22, 1806; but whether they were deemed ill-supported by the majority of the House, or whether the Marquis's connection with the then existing ministry afforded him any protection on this occasion, more *natural* than *just*, no resolution of impeachment was adopted. On the other hand, the testimony of persons of great respectability and information was brought forward to prove, that the Marquis possessed the complete confidence of the Marquis Cornwallis and of Lord Teignmouth, and in every affair of confidence, of his own council also; and that he had so conciliated the natives of Oude, that after the beneficial treatment they had received from him, they could never hear of his being accused, or of his return to England, but with marked surprise

and indignation. Still the examination of various persons was continued by Mr. Paull, till the dissolution of Parliament, which took place in October 1806: after which his determination to prosecute the investigation in the succeeding Parliament, appears to have terminated all the hopes he had preconceived of the patronage of a great personage and his friends, and even the possibility of regaining a seat.

The dissolution, however, having taken place, there were few places more sharply contested than Westminster. In this city three candidates started; Sir Samuel Hood upon his naval interest, Mr. Sheridan upon that of the whig club, and Mr. Paull upon that of the people. There was no doubt of the election of Sir Samuel Hood from the first. Sheridan was expected to be called the friend of the people, and to have been returned with equal facility; but for two-thirds of the election he was the lowest upon the poll, and he was indebted to the utmost exertions of the court, the whig-club, and the higher gentry. Mr. Paull, it was observed, carried with him the popular favour, and he made a most wonderful effort; but the contest was a very unequal one: for his determination to bring Marquis Wellesley to justice, had raised such a host of enemies in the whig club and the higher part of the aristocracy, that every device was set to work to prevent him from renewing his attack upon the supposed delinquent. After all, however, Mr Paull finally obtained 4481 votes. But the parliament from which Mr. Paull was thus excluded did not long enjoy its honours; another dissolution took place in April 1807. Upon this second dissolution, Mr. Tooke has asserted, that Mr. Paull was incessant in his solicitations of Sir Francis Burdett to consent to represent the city of Westminster, and that he prevailed on Mr. Cobbett to unite his solicitations for the same purpose, but in vain: Sir Francis was immoveable. Still as the honourable Baronet had promised to do every thing in his power to serve Mr. Paull, who was determined to stand again for Westminster, the latter unfortunately took the liberty of announcing a dinner of his friends at the Crown and Anchor tavern, with "Sir Francis Burdett in the chair." This advertisement appeared on the 28 and 29th of April 1807, in the Morning Chronicle. As soon as Sir Francis was informed of this by a letter from Mr. Paull, he returned the following answer:—

"DEAR PAULL, *Wimbledon, April 29.*

"Your letter this morning occasioned me great surprise, and, to speak the truth, some displeasure. I must say, that to have my name published for meetings (like—Such a day is to be seen the great Caterfelto—) without my previous consent, or any application to me, is a circumstance I should really from any one else, regard as an insult. You were acquainted with my sentiments and determination not to do any thing, even for my own election; and, I should have thought, must have been consequently aware of the impossibility of my coming forward in any body's else. I yielded to your desire that I should nominate you, although I should much rather avoid even that: but as I highly approve your conduct, I do not object to that one act, as a public testimony of such approbation; in case you think it (which I do not) of any importance. But to that single act must I confine myself, or be exposed to be reproached, and justly, with inconsistency and folly. I shall pay the greatest attention to Cobbett's promised letter; but my own mind is quite made up; the country cannot be served by taking a part, and thereby aiding the delusion. Your's, notwithstanding, very sincerely,

"FRANCIS BURDETT."

To this letter, Mr. Tooke observes, Mr. Paull replied, expressing great sorrow for having displeased Sir Francis by the use made of his name; but most anxiously and most humbly beseeching him not to publish a disavowal. On Thurday, the before-mentioned advertisement again appeared; and on Friday, May 1, the following:

"MR. PAULL's DINNER,

Crown and Anchor, May 1, 1807.

"As it is intended to move certain resolutions expressive of the opinions of the free and independent Electors, that personally apply to Sir Francis Burdett; Mr. Paull will be in the Chair instead of the worthy Baronet. Mr. Paull intreats a numerous attendance of his friends, on an occasion so highly important to the first interests of the city."

Sir Francis, who happened to be with his brother at Wimbledon, desired him to go immediately to London, to the Crown and Anchor, and make the following communication to the gentlemen assembled, and re-

quested him, as soon as he should have read it, to withdraw.

Mr. Jones Burdett, after dinner, accordingly read the following letter of Sir Francis to the meeting:

"Gentlemen,

"I am extremely distressed by the disagreeable necessity imposed upon me to contradict thus publicly the implied import of the two advertisements by which you are called together this day. They were both inserted without any communication with me; and never should have been inserted if any means had been afforded me of preventing it. As soon as I knew of the first advertisement, I wrote the following letter to Mr. Paull.*

"The advertisement of this day is still more offensive to me; as it might, if not thus contradicted by me, lead many persons to suspect that I had a dissembled wish to be elected into parliament, notwithstanding my public declaration to the contrary. I beg you, Gentlemen, to accept this explanation from me, as an act of fairness towards you, whilst it is one of strict duty towards myself. With every wish for the happiness and prosperity of the Electors of Westminster, I beg leave to subscribe myself

"Your much obliged and faithful
"humble Servant,
"F. BURDETT."

Mr. Paull, it must be admitted, did not manifest any kind of displeasure towards Mr. Jones Burdett or his brother, for what had passed; and though he would willingly have prevented the communication from being made, he endeavoured to represent Sir Francis Burdett's displeasure as arising from some misunderstanding, which he flattered himself he could explain to the satisfaction of all parties.

But Mr. Paull was evidently much hurt. Indeed he had cause; for the course adopted by the Baronet was calculated to throw a damp upon the meeting, and degrade Mr. Paull in the opinion of the world. As soon, therefore, as he had retired from the Crown and Anchor, he wrote the following advertisement for insertion in the newspapers.

"To the Free and Independent Electors of Westminster.

"Gentlemen, *Ten o'Clock, Friday Night.*

"The Letters that were read this night from Sir Francis Burdett, I have not time, nor have I inclination, to comment on. I assert positively, that on Sunday last, at Wimbledon, not only did Sir Francis most cheerfully consent to nominate me, as he had done last November (which was at a dinner at the Crown and Anchor), but that he would also serve for Westminster, if chosen with me.

"On Monday, Sir Francis and myself, dining at Col. Bosville's, received Mr. Fawkes's advertisement for Yorkshire; and then, for the first time, expressed his regret that I had resolved to stand for Westminster. Yesterday I shewed the amended advertisement to Sir Francis Burdett (which he now says he disapproves of); it then met with his highest approval. I subsequently shewed it to Col. Bosville; and in a few minutes afterwards I quitted the house of Col. Bosville, and joined Sir Francis and Mr Burdett, in Bond-street; who both agreed, in consequence of the consent to serve, that Sir Francis's advertisment should be discontinued until it was known what might be the event of this day's dinner. Without any communication with me, Mr. Burdett entered the Crown and Anchor. What occurred he has undertaken to submit to the public, and on which I shall make no farther comment. Anxious to stand well in your estimation, I subscribe myself, Gentlemen,

"Your devoted Servant,
"JAMES PAULL."

Of the duel which was the consequence of this misunderstanding, we do not deem it necessary to say any thing; in the first place because it was characterised by nothing beyond what is usual on such occasions; and in the second, because the particulars of it have already been narrated twice in our Magazine.—(See page 465, vol. vii. and the Life of Sir Francis Burdett, p. 232, 233, vol. viii.)

A second meeting of the friends of Sir Francis and Mr. Paull took place at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, a few days after the duel; and it was evidently for the purpose of taking the general sense of the electors of Westminster, upon the circumstances that had occurred. But the poll which followed, soon convinced the friends of Mr. Paull, that little was to be hoped for. In fact, the hasty impression adopted by the majority, viz. "that Mr. Paull had ungratefully lifted his arm against the life of his friend," aided by other efforts of Mr. Paull's enemies, soon induced him to give up the contest; for even more interest than he had, deprived as he was by his wound of the advantage of personal attendance upon the hustings,

* That which is given above.

&c. all his efforts, and those of his friends, must have been insufficient to have resisted the torrent of prejudice that assailed him from almost every quarter; while, by an inverse ratio of the popular opinion, Sir Francis, though totally excluded from the scene of action by his wound, stood by far the highest of the three candidates at the close of the poll, having upwards of five thousand votes in his favour.

There can be little doubt that the pamphlets published by Mr. Horne Tooke, in consequence of the duel, did Mr. Paull much injury. In a letter to the Editor of the Times, dated Wimbledon, May 6, 1807, one of the grossest prevarications that a man ever descended to, among other assertions, the writer disclaimed any knowledge of Mr. Paull. "Of Mr. Paull," said he, "I know nothing, but that he was introduced to me by Sir Francis Burdett; and that he afterwards *invited himself* to dine at my house on Sundays, when I receive my visitants. From the time of the election, last November, he missed dining with me only three Sundays. I always treated him with civility; but have most cautiously avoided any other connection with him of any kind; nor could he ever prevail upon me, though he used much importunity, to write a single syllable for him or concerning him. There was something about him, with which it was impossible for me to connect myself. I wished him very well; knew no harm of him; suspected none; but my mind perpetually whispered to me—*Vetabo sub iisdem sit trabibus, fragilemque mecum solvat phaselum.*—It was unfounded prejudice, perhaps: but I have experienced something in this world; and superfluous caution may be pardoned to old age." Here it may be perceived that from the very first the acknowledged patriotism and zeal of Mr. Paull were of no weight, in comparison with Mr. Tooke's personal antipathy. Something, he says, *forbade him to sit under the same roof with Mr. Paull.* It is hinted as though this *something* were *supernatural!*

Mr. Paull had expressed his wish, in an advertisement which he published after the duel took place, that the recollection of the affair might be buried in eternal oblivion; but Mr. Tooke seemed determined that it should not. As if he would fan the dying embers, of resentment, he declared this wish of Mr. Paull's to be *fruitless*. The transaction, he affirmed, was "too singular ever to be forgotten.."

Mr. Tooke's efforts did not terminate in his "Letter to the Editor of the Times." It was followed by "A Warning to the Electors of Westminster," in which he informed them that Mr. Paull meditated another assassination of their present representative. To give warning, he said, of his intended mischief before its commission, &c. was his only motive in presenting them with Mr. Paull's *prelude* in the letters which the latter sent to Sir Francis, after the duel.

From these letters, it seems that Mr. Paull wished to have Sir Francis's authority for contradicting the report circulated by their enemies, that they were at "mortal *strife*," that he was answered by Mr. Jones Burdett, that it was quite impossible to make any communication of any kind of business whatever; that a letter of Mr. Paull to Everard Home, Esq. Mr. Paull's surgeon, urged him to wait upon Mr. Cline, the surgeon who attended Sir Francis, on a matter of the first importance, as delay would be fraught with much future and serious consequences; and such an interview, it was indicated, might prevent much future mischief. This letter was dated Monday morning, May 11, but Mr. Cline refused to transmit it to Sir Francis. A part of it contained the following narrative:

"On Monday last, contrary to the sense of a decided majority of the electors of Westminster, certain persons calling themselves the friends of Sir Francis, established themselves (although only twenty-eight in number) into '*a numerous meeting of the Electors of Westminster*;' and though totally ignorant of the merits of the late unhappy affair, proceeded directly to censure me. They then, (having previously possessed themselves of the entire knowledge of all my books and papers relative to the late election) formed themselves into a committee for conducting Sir Francis's election Since which, no placard however libellous, no insinuation however false and gross (falsehoods the most direct),

have issued all UNDER THE SEEMING SANCTION OF SIR FRANCIS'S NAME, to ruin me in public opinion, and defeat the purposes of my election. Here they do not rest. The moment I procure a friend to go to the Hustings, to do away the effect of proceedings so foul and criminal, (as in the instance of Mr. Clifford) he is deterred by the intimate friends of Sir Francis from performing an act of mere justice; and thus is my honour and my interest sacrificed, because another line of conduct would be injurious to the interest of Sir Francis,—who, I know and feel, has not a particle of interest in such unjust proceedings; but must feel deep concern to see to what vile purposes his name is prostituted. Mendicant appeals are made from hour to hour to get votes for him who scorned to solicit one for himself; and the name of intended assassin is even bestowed upon me by the zealots of Sir Francis; and for a purpose too obvious to escape any man's penetration. Our quarrel, they add, is as fierce as ever. To all this it will be answered, that Sir Francis is an entire stranger to any such proceedings, and that no man abhors them more than he does. So from my soul and heart I believe; but so will not believe those of my friends, who detected and proved that those men who now constitute Sir Francis's committee (and the authors of all the injuries I complain of), though they had pretended friendship and attachment to me for a time, had resolved for a month before, and they unblushingly now avow the fact, to overthrow my election; and especially when they see Mr. Bonney and others acting the part they do. I appeal to Sir Francis, liberally, to his justice, to his honour and feeling, for a DISAVOWAL OF SUCH ACTS; and for a DECLARATION that A HOSTILE FEELING REMAINS NOT ON HIS SIDE AGAINST ME.

"I am, very faithfully, Your's,

"JAMES PAULL."

Mr. Paull did not long delay publishing a refutation of the calumnies of John Horne Tooke. He began by stating that after three months of dreadful suffering, without almost any hope or possibility of recovering, he had experienced some symptoms of returning health. He then proceeded, "Of all my calumniators, the chief is John Horne Tooke. With a malignity surpassed only by that of a demon, this man chose the moment when I was languishing on the bed of sickness and torture, and when every breath was expected to terminate my mortal existence, as the best opportunity for assailing both my public and private character with the most atrocious slanders. I had, indeed, roused all the venom of his implacable heart, by accusing him as "*the dark and infernal adviser*" of that foul and infamous procedure which caused the diastrous hostility we have all so much lamented; not that I had charged him with an act which his feelings would disown, but that I had dared to speak, and in terms of just severity towards him, of what it would be high treason to his projects to disclose, namely, his influence over Sir Francis Burdett." This pamphlet seemed to carry conviction with it, in respect to the manner he had been treated, even to the breasts of his enemies.

Early in 1808, some of the friends of Mr. Paull were threatened with a criminal prosecution by the Marquis Wellesley; and a letter to James Paull, Esq. was published, demonstrative of his charges against Marquis Wellesley having originated in a sanguinary fabrication, and supported by a flagitious, infuriated conspiracy, unparalleled in the history of human corruption; to which was added the affidavit of the Marquis in the Court of King's Bench, &c. The object of this pamphlet is to prove that Mr. Paull had been only the tool of Mr. Fox, and that the part which the Prince of Wales took in the prosecution of the Marquis Wellesley, "had been wrung from his sympathizing heart, sensibly touched by a story of well-wrought woe." The affidavit of that nobleman is as follows:

"AFFIDAVIT OF MARQUIS WELLESLEY.

"The Most Noble Richard, Marquis Wellesley, of Oxford-street, in the parish of St. George, Hanover-square, in the county of Middlesex, late governor-general of Bengal, maketh oath and saith, that a newspaper has been lately published, entitled *The Aurora and British Imperial Reporter*, giving an account of the meeting of the Club of the Middlesex Freeholders, held on Thursday, at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, in the Strand, containing, amongst other things, passages highly injurious to this deponent, to the following effect, to wit, 'Mr. Paull then returned thanks to the company for the honour they had done him; adverted to his exertions in the late parliament, for bringing to justice that great delinquent, Marquis Wellesley; the many impediments he experienced to his purpose from

Lord Grenville and several other members of administration; and finally, the dissolution of parliament, which he considered as a measure calculated solely to screen that noble Marquis from impeachment. He alluded also to the subsequent election for Westminster, where he was opposed by the whole power and influence of administration, five titled members of which, he could prove to have subscribed large sums of money for the most base and corrupt of purposes. His object in bringing forward an impeachment against the Marquis Wellesley was one, not of private malice, but of public justice; one, not founded upon charges of trivial peculations or delinquency, but on the corrupt and wanton profusion of five millions of public money; and upon acts of the most wanton, foul, and atrocious robbery and murder, perpetrated, not upon a private and insignificant individual, but upon the independent prince of one of the most splendid thrones in the world. The cry against Bonaparte for the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, taken in a neutral territory, had been loud on the part of the ministers; but the murder of which he complained, was that of a prince torn from his own throne, and consigned to a prison,—and short indeed was the progress of a king from the prison to the grave: he was foully murdered by the connivance of that noble Marquis, and his bloody garments sent by his disconsolate mother, in proof of the fact, to the author of his massacre. It was acknowledged, that the proofs he had laid before parliament substantiated those charges. The Marquis of Douglas, Dr. Lawrence, Mr. Fox, and several other members, acknowledged those proofs, and said the matter must go to an impeachment. A noble lord (Lord Folkstone) had recently taken up the question, with a view to move a slight censure against the noble Marquis; but for his own part, he would never compromise the prosecution of a capital felony for a mere conviction of petty larceny.' And this deponent, upon his oath, positively and solemnly declares, *that he never was guilty of the corrupt and wanton profusion of five millions of public money, or of any other sum of public money; that he never was guilty of any acts of wanton, foul, and atrocious robbery and murder, perpetrated upon the independent prince of one of the most splendid thrones in the world, or upon any individual whatever; nor was he ever guilty of any act of robbery or murder whatever:* and this deponent further saith, *that he never consigned to a prison any such prince, torn by him or by his connivance from his throne; or ever was privy to, or connived at, the murder of any prince, or of any other person whatever:* and this deponent further saith, *that he verily believes, and has not the least doubt, that he is the person alluded to in the parts herein-before stated from the said newspaper, entitled* The Aurora and British Imperial Reporter; *and that the same is meant to reflect upon this deponent, and the government of this deponent, during the time he acted as governor general in India as aforesaid.* WELLESLEY."

The author of the pamphlet adds, that though the parties, viz. printers and publishers, against whom it was made, came forward with an apology upon oath, offering to retract all they had published, and promulgate that retraction to every corner of Great Britain; nevertheless, he did not remember that his lordship's affidavit or any part of it ever found its way into the other public prints; and he seemed to be at a loss to account for this omission.

We have been credibly informed, that besides what was collected for Mr. Paull, under the expectation of being supported, it cost him upwards of three thousand pounds to petition the house. He maintained, however, his honest integrity to the last, in paying all his election demands, some of which were even deemed exorbitant. The latter was to screen some of his friends who had committed themselves in his behalf. On the Friday before the unfortunate catastrophe occurred, he called on the vestry clerk of the parish of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, and paid his proportion of the damages which the parish had sustained by his election.

To add to the vexation that preyed upon his mind, it was reported that the lost, only the night before his fatal exit, 1000 guineas at a certain house in St. James's, five hundred of which had been lent him by a noble Marquis; and that on the day after his decease several packets were addressed to him from India, some of which were supposed to contain pearls of considerable value.

His remains were interred about eight o'clock in the morning of the 21st of April, on the west side of St. James's church-yard, in a very private manner, having only a hearse and four, and two coaches; yet a vast concourse of people assembled, who generally expressed a sensible regret at the untimely end of a man "more sinned against than sinning."

The Contemplatist.

No. VIII.

Spes est expectatio boni futuri.
CICERO.

ORATORS and poets have, in every age, been lavish of their commendations upon HOPE, as a passion or affection of the mind. They have considered it, not without cause, as the only thing which can enable us in this life to bear up against the evils of adversity and to struggle, with the bitterness of disappointment. They have painted its illusions in the gayest colours and scattered round its fallacies the most brilliant flowers of imagination.

If all excellence consist in truth, great indeed must be the excellence of those, who have concurred to depict the invariable blessing of hope under every shape. It may be asked, indeed, does there exist a man, a being, who has not, at one period or other, of his life, felt its benign influence? on whom it has not shed its fairy rays? or whose prospects it has not gilded with blissful expectation? No condition can be so forlorn as to be totally destitute of its exhilarating power: Milton, when he would paint the horrid state of the fallen angels, in all its magnitude, has described one of their torments in the following line:

"*Hope* comes not here which comes to all."
P. L. B. 1.

It would indeed be impossible fully to conceive the wretchedness of *that* man's situation whose heart owns not the pleasing delight of expectation or of HOPE. Life would be to him a dreary blank, without one consolatary ray to chear the darkness spread around by *moral certainty*. He would even want one grand impulse to action; for if he could build no joys upon the basis of future probability, he would have no wish to act beyond the present moment, or to engage in any thing which did not terminate immediately in himself. Hope is the foundation on which we build every pleasing expectation of life; it is that which makes the poor man toil contentedly; which bids the rich dissipate their wealth; and which diffuses a ray of gladness even through the melancholy gloom of a prison; it is that for which we "bear to live or dare to die."

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
"Man never is, but always to be blest."

Having thus considered the universal influence of this passion upon every human being, whatever may be his rank in existence, let us now proceed to examine the question under two different aspects; first, whether *Hope while existing as an affection of the mind produces more real happiness than when its expectations are realised?*

It is readily allowed by every one, that imagination too often gives to the prospective of life, tints and colours very different from reality; and Young feelingly exclaims—

How distant oft
The thing we wish for most from that for which we wish.

The mind of man when expatiating in the boundless fields of fancy, creates to itself unnumbered images various in their forms, and still more various in their supposed application. Individual inclination gives a superadded energy to our conceptions, and propels the intellect just in that track, which it would follow if attracted by some real and positive good. What we wish we willingly believe; and that kind of self-deception, which induces a man to consider as *real*, what is in fact the result of his own *fancy*, is an error so common that its very frequency makes it unsuspected. How few are the instances wherein the acquisition of any supposed benefit has produced that pleasure which we expected from it while contemplated at a distance. The fact is, gifted as we are with such limited powers of prescience, we can only mark the grand and invariable caracteristics of those events which are likely to happen, for we are not able to discriminate the thousand various accidents which may lie between the completion of a circumstance and its first existence in our own mind, softened by the pleasing expectancy of hope. Nothing indeed less than omniscience *could* contemplate them, or guard against their evils; which are

often more powerful, and more hidden, than we can either imagine or resist.

It is a trite, though not less just observation, that fruition destroys at once all those tumultuous sensations with which we may have contemplated any object. Nay it rarely happens that we find reality half so delightful as imagination paints it; and this is abundantly verified in almost every circumstance of life. If we read a glowing and animated description of rural scenery, where every combination, every grace, and every harmony of language, are united to depict in the strongest colours, its superior charms, how the mind is filled and elevated; how the bosom beats with responsive ardor, and seems to trace the living objects even in the words; and while this impression remains upon the mind, which is thus derived from mere description, the individual continues to feel the most unqualified rapture whenever he reverts to it. But should he be prompted to visit reality, to explore with his own eyes, each beauty and each grace, can we be sure that disappointment will not follow, and that he will acknowledge the power of language can even lend a charm to nature? Who, in reading Pope's *Eloisa* to *Abelard*, but feels his mind carried away by the poet's grand and impressive description of the sacred gloom, the unwearied supplications, the solemn scenery, and the ceaseless religious duties of the *Paraclete?* Yet we are informed by a pleasing writer, and enlightened traveller, (the Rev. Andrew Hervey Mills,) that nearly all these captivating images are the offspring of the poet's brain. His words are as follow:

"Before dinner St. Romain walked with me round the demesne. Mr. Pope's description is ideal and to poetical minds easily conveyed; but I saw neither rocks nor pines, nor was it a kind of ground which ever seemed to encourage such objects. On the contrary, it was in a vale; and mountains like the Alps generally produce views of this kind.

"I cannot but say too that the line

See IN her cell sad Eloisa spread.

should be NEAR her cell. The doors of all cells open in the common cloister. In that cloister are often tombs; and she may well be supposed to have quitted her cell (more especially in that warm part of France) for air, change of place, and refreshment."

Will it be doubted that after this ocular proof, Mr. Mills read ever afterwards, with diminished pleasure those beautiful lines in this poem? and did not imagination give to him more exquisite sensations than reality?

But numberless are the instances which might be adduced in support of that opinion, which supposes hope to produce more solid joy while existing as a passion of the mind, to what it does when all its dreams are realised. It may indeed be asked, is there a single instance in the course of any man's life, in which the completion of his wishes has communicated such refined gratification as he expected? Whether he has not regretted some lost charm, or wondered at the absence of some looked for benefit? What is it but the perpetual renovation of hope in the human breast, that could induce him again to form schemes and to plan projects, the success of which must rest upon future exertions? What but the influence of that never-dying passion, could have roused the faculties of his mind, or given energy to the feelings of his heart thus depressed and disappointed? The illusions of hope still lead him forward, and inspire him with new expectations.

Let us now consider the nature and end of what is called happiness: With the poet we may exclaim,

"Oh happiness, our being's end and aim,
Good, pleasure, ease, content! what e'er thy name,
Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below
Say in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Where grows? where grows it not? if vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture not the soil.
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis no where to be found or every where.
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, St. John, dwells with thee."

It is acknowledged by every one that happiness is merely comparative; no-

thing in this world being either felicitous, or unfortunate, but as the mind of man apprehends it. Provided we can give to any object those views which constitute in our opinion happiness, and we are decidedly impressed with the conviction that it is so, then to all intents and purposes our peculiar wish is as much attained, during the period that that conviction remains upon the mind, as ever it can be in cases of the most decided certainty. A man who gratuitously supposes that any event will happen according to his expectation, feels himself fully gratified, and never once reflects upon the various occurrences which may take place to frustrate his hopes. He applies the pleasing balm of certainty to his mind, and rests in contented security while nothing happens which can alarm it. He feels all the effects of real happiness; and when the fairy prospect is destroyed by any contingency, he only considers it as one of the unavoidable evils of life, and forms again new expectations with equal confidence and equal pleasure. Such being the case, if we admit these premises, as certainly we must, there will be no difficulty in deducting from them those opinions which it is wished here to establish. Taking it for granted, that happiness being comparative and not really existing in any thing, but proceeding from objects only according to the light in which we view them; surely that man commands the greatest portion of felicity, who can create it for himself under every aspect of his existence. He then finds HOPE to be indeed our greatest happiness, for that can lend a charm even to the most sombre delineations. He is reckless of what we may call the substantial goods of this life, content that he can transform every object into a source of pleasure. He is not depressed when calamities happen, because he knows them to be the lot of existence, and he knows also that he can efface their remembrance by the creation of new speculations at once felicitous and gratifying. Thus conscious of the extatic influence of *hope*, his bosom beats with rapture, and his eye glistens with animation, and he would proudly exclaim in the language of a poet whose muse has sung with peculiar grace the aerial charms of this passion.

With thee, sweet hope! resides the heaven-
by light,
That pours remotest rapture on the sight;
Thine is the charm of life's bewildered
way,
That calls each slumbring passion into
play:
Wak'd by thy touch, I see the sister band
On tiptoe watching, start at thy com-
mand,
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them
steer,
To pleasure's path or glory's bright ca-
reer.

Primeval hope, the Aonian muses say
When man and nature mourn'd their first
decay;
When every form of death, and every
woe,
Shot from malignant stars to earth below;
When murder bar'd his arm, and rampant
war,
Yok'd the red dragons to her iron car;
When peace and mercy, banish'd from the
plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to heaven
again;
All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,
But *hope*, the charmer, linger'd still behind.

Thus, man being the artificer of his own pleasures, creating them at will, and adorning them with every adventitious embellishment which an ardent fancy can suggest, it cannot for a moment be doubted that by producing every varied combination of imaginary happiness, he ultimately generates the greatest portion of that which is real. He therefore continues to revel in supposititious bliss, and only sighs when that bliss is destroyed by reality.

Thus far it is evident, that imaginary happiness is greater than real, and a few concluding observations will tend to establish that position the more firmly.

How common is that remark which tells us that the expectations of life seldom answer our ideas. Happiness, indeed, may be compared to a picture which requires a peculiar light in order that all its excellence may be perceived and felt. If we approach too near, the images become confused and indistinct, the coloring appears injudicious and heavy,

and the design monotonous and incorrect. If, on the contrary, we recede too far, then the same indistinctiveness arises, added to a diminished appearance of every object. So it is with life; happiness contemplated at a certain distance possesses all the charms, elegance, and grace which the most enthusiastic fancy can depict; nothing is either minute, overcharged, or ill proportioned; but on all there is conferred that indefinable propriety which at once exalts and gratifies the mind. Never hardly does it happen that our expectations are completely answered; and the reflection of every man can prove that in those cases where this expectation has been extraordinarily excited our disappointment has been proportionably great. The prevalence then of this general truth sufficiently proves that real happiness is centered only in the dreams of hope: that it exists only while unpossessed; that each progressive advance towards it gradually diminishes some one or other of its delights, and that actual fruition, destroys for ever the fairy illusions, and shows it at once in all its naked deformity.

Let us then banish from our minds those ideas which only tend to diminish its active energies by holding up false views of nature and of things; let us cling to truth wherever she is to be found, and discard error whenever we detect the fallacy in which it is enveloped.

Extracts *from* Polyænus' Stratagems. *By Dr.* Toulmin.

[*Continued from p.* 280]

No. 26.—*Timoleon.*

Timoleon, as he was leading his forces in Sicily, to battle against the Carthaginians, who had sailed over into that island, was met by a mule, loaded with parsley. The soldiers were terrified at the omen, for it was their custom to adorn the tombs of the dead with garlands of parsley. Timoleon observed, that thus "the gods assured them of certain victory; for the Corinthians crown with parsley the victors at the Isthmian games." Saying this he entwined his own brows with this herb, and crowned his officers with it. So the soldiers seized the parsley from one another, and advanced with boldness to the fight.

No. 27.—*Zopyrus.*

Darius had besieged Babylon during a length of time, and was not able to take the city. Zopyrus, one of his courtiers, having defaced himself by cutting off his nose and ears, went over to the side of the besieged, with a pretence that these amputations had been inflicted by Darius. The Baylonians giving credit to his mutilated countenance, entrusted to him the city; in the night he opened the gates, and Darius made himself master of Babylon, expressing himself in this generous manner: "I would not for the sake of taking twenty Babylons, have seen Zopyrus suffer thus."

No. 28.—*Alexander.*

Alexander was in India and wished to lead his army over the river Hydaspes. Porus an Indian king, drew up his forces on the other side, and it was impossible to pass it. Alexander led his army to the upper part of the river, Porus did the same. Alexander then marched it to the lower end; Porus also proceeded to that end. This was done often, and for many days; so that the Indians laughed at the timidity of the enemy, and left off marching in movements correspondent to theirs, from one spot to another; supposing, that they whose resolution had so often failed them, would not venture to pass over it. But Alexander made a very expeditious march on the banks of the river, and by the means of ships and boats, and skins filled with grass, he crossed it, deceiving the Indians by the quickness of his passage.

No. 29.

Alexander took Thebes partly with a large body of concealed forces, the command of which he gave to Antipater; while he himself openly led the rest up against the strongest places in the fortification. The Thebans advanced forward, and boldly led out their forces against the army in sight. Antipater, at the same instant, in the moment of engagement, drew out the concealed part of the army, and leading it round to the unprotected parts of the wall, took the city and erected his flag. Alexander seeing it, cried out: "that he had

possession of Thebes." The Thebans, who were courageously fighting, as soon as they saw, on turning about, that the city was taken, fled.

No. 30.

Alexander, as soon as he learnt from the soothsayers, that the sacrifices exhibited propitious omens, commanded that they should be carried round and shewn to the soldiers, that they might not hear only, but see that good hopes were to be entertained with respect to their dangers.

No. 31.

Alexander conquered Darius at Abdela. Phrasaortes, a relation of Darius, having raised a considerable band of Persians, guarded the fortress of Susidæ: these were high and straight mountains. The Barbarians, shooting their darts and throwing pieces of rock with their slings from these heights, easily repulsed the attack of the Macedonians. So that Alexander, calling his soldiers back, dug a trench at the distance of thirty furlongs. An oracle of Apollo had declared, that "a foreign wolf would become the leader of his forces." There came an herdsman to Alexander, covered with the skin of a wild beast, and assuming the name of Wolf, he said, that in the windings of the mountains there was a path, concealed by the foliage of the wood, which he only, as he was feeding his cattle, had discovered. Alexander, recollecting the prediction, gave the herdsman credit. He commanded all the army to remain encamped, and to light up many fires, to attract the eyes of the Persians. He gave it privately in charge to Philotas and Hæphestion, that when they saw the Macedonians appearing at the top of the mountains, they should attack the enemy below. He himself, with his guards, one phalanx of armed soldiers, and as many Scythian archers as he had, advancing through the secret passage, eighty furlongs, fixed his station under the cover of the thick wood, and taking a circuit about in the middle of the night, he fell upon the enemy when they were asleep. When day opened, the trumpets resounded from the top of the mountains. At this signal Hæphastion and Philotas led the Macedonians out of the camp. The Persians, surprised and surrounded above and below, were slain, or thrown headlong from the heights, or taken by the enemy.

No. 32.

Alexander marching through a desart, he and the Macedonians suffered severely from the want of water. The spies found a small quantity of water in a hollow rock, and, taking it up in an helmet, carried it to Alexander. He shewed it to the army to raise their spirits, as water was discovered: yet he would not drink it, but poured it out before them all. The Macedonians, raising a shout, desired him to proceed on the march, courageously supporting their own thirst, on account of the self-denial the king practised.

[*To be continued.*]

LITERARY *and* DOMESTIC WIVES?

"Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good;
And good works in her husband to promote."
MILTON.

Sir,

I WAS lately engaged in a conversation on a subject which appeared to me of such importance, that I could not forbear, when alone, throwing together the following reflections upon it. The thing discussed was "*the respective conjugal merits of an accomplished or literary woman and a domestic one.*"

By an accomplished or literary woman, I would be understood one who, to a knowledge of music, dancing, drawing, singing, &c. joins an adequate acquaintance with the learned languages. She shall know Italian, French, Latin, and, to be sure, a little Greek; she shall be able to blunder through Racine, mistake Tasso, sit still at Virgil, and tear Homer in a pet; she shall decline nouns like a schoolboy, and conjugate verbs like a boarding school miss; she shall, lastly, be able to write essays with little labour, and compose sonnets on love extempore.

On the contrary, a domestic woman is, according to my motto, one who "studies household good, and in her husband good works to promote."

She is neither the enthusiast of Homer, nor the disciple of Plato. It

is of little consequence to her whether Shakespeare be spelt with or without the *e*; whether Virgil had an asthma, or Horace rheumatic eyes. She is happy if she can render her husband so and her offspring.

"She asks no seraph's wing, no angel's fire,
To be, contents her natural desire."

In her domestic sphere of action she finds sufficient opportunities to gratify her heart with innocent recreations; and she leaves those studies, suited only to the conceptions of man, which would draw her aside from her *duty* and *obedience*.* But this character I shall draw more largely in its proper place, while we proceed to consider that of the literary woman.

She who binds herself by the most solemn vows to a man for life, and invokes the Almighty to ratify those vows, should tremble how she dares to violate them. She binds herself in the presence of God and man, to "obey, serve, love, and honour him, to keep him in sickness and in health, and, forsaking all other, keep only unto him!"—What more solemn protestations can be made? Every excuse would be insufficient to palliate a breach in them, but *one*—when the husband, forsaking the laws of nature and reason, acts towards her without the feelings of a man. How rarely or how frequently soever this may occur, it is not my present intention to investigate. I shall only point out here the impossibility of a woman given to literary pursuits to fulfil the sacred functions of a wife and mother.

Every man knows that the happiness of marriage consists as much in the performance of those many little nameless attentions, as in the more immediate acts of duty. It would be idle and frivolous to insist here upon the common observation, that man cannot be truly happy without mutual intercourse with the female sex. If we consider *why* this is, the reason will instantly strike us. In the allotments of Providence, man is placed in a scale of being wherein woman cannot appear. The labours of the field, of war, of commerce, of study, &c. are altogether incompatible with feminine weakness. All the wonders of art proceed from the labours of man! Our churches, temples, bridges, monuments, all are the effect of man's progressive industry. Hence our natures are more formed for such laborious exercises. And herein the wise designs of Providence are wonderfully exemplified. What, if we were equally adapted for the nursery, the workroom, or the kitchen! What, if we were anxious to perform the several duties of those several places! How mean and contemptible compared with our present noble occupations! Who would rather pursue such, than the sublime researches into nature? Who would rather be thus employed, than to behold structures of magnificence form themselves beneath their hands, and science opening her treasures to their view? Why then was woman given to man? To perform those duties for which they are peculiarly qualified by nature. To soften our native ruggedness; to soothe our minds to harmony, and to divide with us the toils of life. She was not given to act beyond her sphere, or blindly to presume to what she is not adequate. A woman who cultivates the natural virtues of her mind, and does not deviate from nature into folly and presumption, may render herself with little trouble an object of adoration and of love. Of the truth of this there needs no argument to convince: every reader will immediately suggest to himself a thousand instances to verify it, and will feel a certain inward gratification that it is so. Otway has given a fine description of woman, and her cause of being here below:

"Oh woman! lovely woman!
Nature made thee to temper man!
Angels are painted fair to look like you!
There is in you all that we believe of
Heaven! Amazing brightness, purity,
And truth, eternal joy and everlasting
Love."—*Ven. Preser. Act* 1, *Sc.* 1.

If every woman would consider how sacred are their duties in the marriage state, how they offend against God in neglecting them, and

* I think I see some of my female readers busily employed in razing out these two odious words, and substituting in their stead, *will* and *inclination*.

how also they incur the censure and contempt of mankind by such neglect, there would. I conceive, be wanting no arguments to persuade them to a strict discharge of those duties Can we contemplate in nature a more grand or pleasing object than a woman exercising herself in the double character of a wife and mother? Can there, in the whole scale of existence, occur a more noble, a more exalted sphere of action? Where can a woman shine with so much lustre as in the bosom of her family? Where do so many occasions offer themselves for the display of every virtue under heaven? How delightful is the task to instil into the pliant mind of infancy the first principles of love, piety, benevolence, justice, and charity! To fashion under your hands, perhaps, the future saviour of his country. What pen can describe the complicated feelings of a mother, when her infant joy rises to manhood, and grows, all that her most sanguine hopes could wish, or enthusiastic imagination form. Hail, happy mother! who thus reapeth the harvest of thy troubles! She, joyful, sees all those virtues in perfection, which cost her so many anxious hours to engraft. She sees him esteemed by his superiors, beloved by his equals, and respected by his inferiors. She beholds him ennobled and dignified by the exercise of manly and unerring virtue. A woman capable of rearing such a son, who can tell her joys? They are endless! She hourly receives new gratifications from objects apparently trivial! To smooth the pillow of languid illness warms her heart with rapture! To pour balm into the agonized bosom of woe exalts her into extacy! To dry the tears of suffering innocence, to strain to her bosom the victim of despair, to exhilarate with joy the child of penury, and to invigorate with health the corrupted with disease, fit her for heaven and her God! —Can such bliss become the inmate of FAUSTINA's heart? No. In her the feelings of a wife, a mother, and a friend, are blotted out by such superficial ones as are the effect of books. She would faint at the idea of leaving her dear authors to attend the bed of sickness or miseries of poverty. She never felt those sublime emotions which arise from contemplating the glow of convalescence in a husband, in a child, or in a friend! She never watched with mute anguish the languid heaven-bent eye of departing life—never smoothed its terrors—never whispered REDEMPTION and a WORLD TO COME! Could she clasp in the agony of affliction the cold clammy hand of death, press its bloodless lips, or weep upon its mute inactive lineaments? Could she by tender offices of love hush the departing soul, and quell its flutterings? Could she wipe the drops of agony which burst from the brow of struggling nature? Could she behold the outward workings of the soul forcing its way and impatient to be gone? No! In her the springs of natural affection are withered, and dried up by pretended stoicism. She would rather appear and act like a pseudo Spartan matron, than be thought possessed of feeling and humanity. Such a character, so just, and yet so despicable, bids me hold the pen; to aggravate it were needless, to extenuate it were folly. To it must be attached those exceptions from which nothing human is exempt, and its accuracy then admits of no dispute.

May 4, 1808. D.

THE BEE.—No. VIII.

Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,
omnia nos. LUCRETIUS.

SHREWDNESS OF AMERICAN INDIANS.

THEIR replies are not only ready, but often ingenious. An *Outouai* being asked by the Count de Frontenac, of what materials he conceived rum, of which he was so fond, to be formed, answered, that it was the spirit and quintessence of hearts and tongues; "for," continued he, "when I have drank of it I fear nothing, and I speak with more than usual facility and boldness."

INDIAN'S BELIEF OF THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Many of the Indian nations believe that the soul, after its separation from the body, enters into a wide path, crowded by spirits, which are journeying towards a region of eternal repose. That in the way thither an

impetuous river must be crossed by means of a bridge made of wicker, which continually trembles under the feet, and from whence the passengers incur much hazard of falling into the current. They who are so unfortunate as to be thrown from this passage are swept away by the stream, and can never return. The spirits which have passed the river direct their course for a considerable way along its banks, making provision of fish, which they dry, until they gain an extensive meadow, whose extremity is terminated by precipitous rocks, over which there is a long and narrow path, with a barrier of two large logs of wood, alternately raised and depressed. These are intended to crush the living who might attempt to force a passage, but not as an impediment to the progress of the dead. The soul afterwards arrives at a beautiful meadow, boundless to the sight, filled with every species of animals, and abounding with the most delicious fruits; here is heard the sound of drums, and of other musical instruments, known to savages; from hence it is ushered into the abode of happiness and joy, where its journey is concluded, where it is invested with beautiful raiment, and where it mingles with an assembly of kindred spirits in the dance.

HEROIC RESOLUTION.

Prince Maurice of Nassau, at the battle of Nieuport in 1600, having sent away his ships, that there might be no means of retreat for his troops, in leading them to engage, said, "My friends, you have Nieuport behind you, which is in possession of the enemy; the sea on your left; a river on the right; and the enemy in front: there is no other way for you to pass, but over the bellies of these men." By this heroic resolution he gained a battle which saved his republic, and did himself the highest honour.

MAGNANIMOUS REPLY.

In 1477, St. Omer being beseiged by Lewis XI. was valiantly defended by Philip, son of Anthony, a bastard son of the Duke of Burgundy. The French monarch, being irritated at the obstinate resistance of the young warrior, threatened him that if he did not surrender the city he would cut his father's throat before his eyes. Philip, without shewing the least sign of fear, answered, that he knew the king too well to suppose that he would ever be guilty of so base an action, adding, "I love my father with the utmost tenderness, but I cannot deliver up a place which I have undertaken to defend." The siege was obliged to be raised; but the king, so far from punishing Anthony for the heroism of his son, continued him in his favour, and raised him to the rank of nobility.

An officer of Henry IV. of France being commanded to undertake a very dangerous expedition, was told by a friend under what pretext he might excuse himself from executing such a hazardous enterprise. "I can easily save my life," said he, "but who will save my honour?"

SPARTAN RESOLUTION.

One of the Lacedæmonian monarchs, upon the eve of a battle, being willing to save a favourite officer of more than fourscore, desired him to go to Sparta under pretence of business. "Prince," said the venerable old man, "why should you send me so far to seek a bed to die on? Where can I find one more honourable than in the field of battle?" He was permitted to remain; and died in a manner worthy of so noble a character, in fighting for his king and his country.

HINTS *respecting the real Character of* MARY, QUEEN *of* ENGLAND.

By Mr. BREWER.

Sir,

THE motives for partiality and causes for detraction among historians of every nation, but particularly England, where convulsions in religion and politics have been perpetually occurring, and where *party* has raged with proverbial illiberality at almost every period, would appear too obvious to admit the possibility of implicit reliance in even the cursory reader, did not experience assure us that not only the interested but dispassionate are hourly the dupes of the vilest calumny or most egregious adulation.

The increasing candour of the latter eras of literature has nobly endeavoured, in many instances, to remove that meretricious veil from the face

of historic truth, with which venality had shaded her instructive features. The spirit of "Historic Doubts,*" has stimulated an inquiry into the genuine failings and pretensions of the unfortunate Scottish beauty, whose head not even a diadem could preserve from the block and scaffold; but still the English sovereign of the same name, though of more splendid fortunes, remains the victim of declamatory detestation and merciless tyranny. The examination of this reign, by some scholar at once inquisitive and unprejudiced, I hold a desideratum in English literature; and should feel particular pleasure if this remonstrance, through the medium of your impartial publication, call forth a pen adequate to the task, wielded by a hand which knows no enthusiasm, except such as a love of veracity innoxiously engenders.

Should such a writer generously step forward, he will not droop for want of materials. At the very outset he will perceive the evident possibility of misrepresentation respecting this reign, when he finds that its historians have been men of an opposite (though confessedly of a more correct and desirable) religious persuasion. Taking natural probability for his guide, he will maintain the reasonableness of supposing that a writer whose aim was the gratification of popular credulity, would rather concentrate his invective on one defenceless head, than venture on the attack of a numerous and well-lettered party, whose descendants, if themselves had sunk to the peaceful bourne where contest is no more, would be found ready to retort the abuse to the vexation, if not discomfiture, of the assailant.

Thus will he be tempted to transfer from Queen Mary to her advisers a portion of that outcry which party first set up, and which credulity echoes to the discredit of philanthropy, good sense, and the mild tenets of the christian doctrine.

When Mary came to the crown she found the state in the most perilous condition, (as far as regarded individual conduct) that possibly could exist for a zealot in any particular mode of faith. Her father, in the plenitude of his caprice, and at the suggestion of his avarice, had thrown off the papal power and commenced champion of the new cause. Not contented with the wealth, he rioted in the blood of the overthrown papists. The scene is too melancholy to admit an enumeration of the victims. Fire, faggot, and the halter were administered with an unsparing hand! As a sample, suffice it to observe, that at one massacre, *More*, *Fisher*, and eleven monks, were beheaded for denying the king's supremacy!

Edward VI. from the simple circumstance of his adolescence occurring while his august father was in a protestant mood, received an education from persons directed to instruct him in the reformed religion. During his short reign, accordingly, the foot was still kept on the neck of the Roman catholic party; and they remained disgraced, in penury, and danger. No scaffolds were built for the express purpose of decapitating the noble papists, nor gibbets erected for the death of the meaner sort, but an act was passed of the most horrible and oppressive cruelty. The poor wandering monks and ejected friars were, at this time, supported by the private alms of those who did not dare openly to entertain them. To drive them from the miserable corners in which they hovered, it was enacted, that if any person should loiter for three days together without offering himself for hire as a labourer, he should be adjudged as a slave for two years to the first informer, and should be marked on the breast with the letter V, for vagabond. The mark to be made with a hot iron.

Whether protestant or papist, man is still subject to the passions of human nature; and revenge, of all passions the most terrific, and in history the most frequent, even christianity, under its more favourable modification, is unable to suppress. Perhaps, therefore, a candid and benignant protestant, now that all violent dissention between the two parties has long since ceased, will scarcely feel surprise at the severity with which those of the ejected persuasion conducted themselves, on a sudden and nearly unexpected restoration to

* By Lord Orford.

power. Be that as it may, humanity had already blushed for the triumphant protestants; a blush of a still deeper dye must assuredly glow on her cheek while beholding the unlimited vengeance which their opponents inflicted, when the dangerous talisman of power reversed the tumultuous scene, and recalled the friars from manual labour, or the mortification of the prescribed brand, to their stalls, their mass-books, and all the scattered parade of their glittering rituals. But in the detestable operations which now took place, why is the torch ever placed by the historian in one hand? Is it likely that a single female should possess more rancour than all the heads of a disjointed church, inflamed with personal pique, impoverished by expulsion from their benefices, and inflated by a bigotry of the most decisive nature? Our historians, in this instance, have studied, like the tragic poet, to bring one person forward in the drama, in order to exhibit all the tremendous beauties of contrast. In strict conformity to the pernicious system of dressing up their characters like puppets, either strikingly attractive or utterly deformed, the dramatic recorders who assume the name of historians, studiously decorate the sixth Edward with those clement qualities which they describe his sister as wanting; and freely place all the ignominy of that unprecedented act, the branding of the ejected friars, to the account of his advisers. In this latter procedure they are unquestionably correct. Few persons feel on subjects of religious ascendancy with the acuteness of those who, by their "sacred calling," look on church power as the highest object of mundane interest; and therefore to his advisers let us freely attribute all the asperity of the hostile edicts which passed in the short reign of this juvenile sovereign. But, admitting the justice of this appropriation, why shall we deny Mary the same indulgence? Edward was surrounded by churchmen, and, as they advised, he acted; his successor stood in the same predicament, and acted in the same way. If it be objected, that difference of years enabled Queen Mary to conduct the government with greater judgment and decision, it may be answered, that her feminine education (for she had not in any view the advantages in this weighty respect of Elizabeth) reduced her nearly to the level of her youthful brother. From infancy to maturity churchmen were her guides and preceptors; and nearly every action of her life proves that she had learned to sacrifice her opinions habitually to those of her guardians.

Our historians have an ungracious custom of illustrating the characters of their dramatis personæ by comparison. Mary they invidiously place by the side of Elizabeth; and while they lavish panegyric on the brow of the "Virgin Queen," they solicit the reader's abhorrence of her unhappy foil not by argument, but by the epithets of "blood-thirsty Mary!" and "sanguinary tyrant!" The management of the state this misguided princess appears to have left to the ecclesiastics.* The management of her family, the bishops likewise imperiously solicited; but in this solitary instance Mary was inflexible; and as I think an examination of her conduct in this particular essential to the right understanding of her character, permit me, from authentic documents, though testimonies too much neglected by our historical writers, to develope it.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

On the ERRONEOUS PRONUNCIATION *of the* LATIN LANGUAGE.

SIR,

YOUR correspondent, page 289, is certainly correct in his observation, that Englishmen do not make a sufficient distinction between the long and short vowels in their pronunciation of Latin: thus, for example, in the verbs *volo, doceo, maneo, amo*, and many others, we pronounce the first syllable as if it

* Philip, her husband, likewise, though silent and unostentatious, had the most potent ascendancy over her. In a letter to him, during his voyage to Spain, she expresses the utmost *deference to his superior judgment*. Yet, by an absurd cruelty of party-invective, is this queen stigmatised with all the intolerance and all the mischances of her calamitous reign!

were a *long vowel*. But in the past tence *fixi*, and the noun *nupta*, this distinction is quite unnecessary, as the syllable will be rendered *long* by the *two consonants*, which follow the vowel. But, I think, after all, that the manner in which we articulate the vowels is of much less consequence than that in which we pronounce the consonants, in which, I believe we err very much from the practice of the ancients. For instance, we pronounce *g* and *c* soft before the vowels *e*, *i*, *y*, and hard before *a*, *o*, *u*. This is indeed a very erroneous practice, for if the Romans had not always pronounced these consonants, *g* and *c*, hard, the modern Greek writers, who wrote the Roman history, would not have uniformly changed them (in proper names) into their κ and τ. Concerning the consonants *j* and *v*, I think it is probable they were anciently pronounced like our present *y* and *w*, there being only one character for the consonant *j* and the vowel *i*, and only one for the consonant *v* and the vowel *u*; whence we may infer, that *j* was pronounced like *i*, repeated very quickly, and that *v* was pronounced like *u*, repeated quickly also, which, in course of time, would naturally glide into the pronunciation of our *y* and *w*. This pronunciation is universally adopted by the Germans, who also pronounce *g* *always hard*, though they vary *c* as we do. The insertion of this in your useful and entertaining miscellany will much oblige, Sir,

your constant reader, F. R.

On the MAGICAL INCANTATIONS, *and the various* SUPERSTITIONS *of the* LAPLANDERS.

SIR,

NOTHING which tends to shew the human mind under any of its aspects ought to be a matter of indifference to us. Superstition, which is the child of ignorance, has, notwithstanding, something in it calculated in a high degree to arrest our attention. Its chimeras and its visions are often grand: and the fairies and goblins of the middle ages are as interesting to a poetical mind as the dryads, hamadryads, tritons, and pierides of antiquity. Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton, drew largely from popular superstition for the embellishment of fiction. The aerial beings of the *Tempest*; the elves and fairies of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the imagery of *Comus*, and *Lycidas*, are replete with allusions which have now become classical: and the mind owns with a pleasing extacy their power over its feelings. The pleasure of the scholar, however, is twofold: he experiences the delight which the poetry, from a thousand associations, creates; and besides, he has the gratification which arises from his knowledge of the sources whence these superstitions have arisen. To extend the sphere of this latter gratification I have thought that the following selection of the most striking magical incantations and superstitions of the Laplanders, which will be found to bear so close an analogy with many of our own, might not be unacceptable to some of your readers. Of the northern origin of the greater part of our ancient superstitions, there can be little doubt; and therefore it will be gratifying to trace them. I select them from *Knud Leems' Account of the Laplanders of Finmark, &c. published in the Danish and Latin Languages, Copenhagen* 1767, *4to:* my labours, indeed, cannot aspire to the dignity of *original* composition: but perhaps they will be found as interesting as a vapid essay upon a vapid subject, in which nothing is new but the arrangement of the words, and which is read only to be forgotten.

Aberdeen, I remain, &c.
April 30, 1808. A STUDENT.

"Witches made various confessions, in themselves absurd and ridiculous, of the manner in which they acquired the magic art. Some asserted that they obtained it from a certain charmed preparation, brought to them by another witch, made from a piece of the greater flounder, a piece of bread spread with butter, from a draft of milk, a piece of cheese, a salt herring, and bread. One confessed that she had obtained obtained the art of fascination from stroking down a cat; another, from putting three eggs into a cask, and filling it with water, said she had got the same magic art; another added, on her part, that it was got from a certain old woman, who gave her a pipe with this qualification, that on filling it she would bring in-

fection on man and beast of any kind whatever, and that she by this means made herself witness of the art. Many other absurd confessions were in like manner made on witchcraft."

"They further confessed, that while they fastened three knots on a linen towel in the name of the devil, and had spit on them, &c. they called the name of him they doomed to destruction. One confessed that she had raised a tempest, by means of wind she had shut up in a sack; and added, that she destroyed a vessel of Bergen, for which undertaking an immense wave came to her assistance and sunk the ship. Another said that she, with other sorceresses, had raised a tempest on some sailors in this manner:—they went to the sea-side in a human frigate, and going aboard a small bark, in which were some men who had a black heifer with them, they trod down with their united force the vessel on the way. Another told a story, how, after she had brought, with another witch, destruction on a small bark and its crew, they threw a piece of spongy wood fastened to a stone into the sea, and openly darted on it. Another added, on her part, that she, blowing into a pipe in the name of the devil, not only overturned a boat, in which were two young men, but, accompanied by three other witches, had brought destruction on a vessel; for which purpose the one assumed the figure of an eagle, the second of a swan, the third of a crow, and she herself of a dove, and all sitting in the bottom of a tub, were carried over the sea from Vasoea to Domen, a rock so called, distant from Vasoe the space of a few miles, where leaving their ship, or rather the bottom of their tub, they fled aloft, and then untying the knots, they exclaimed, Wind, in the name of the devil: when this was done they fled to the sea, and did not stop until they came up with the vessel they doomed to destruction; on which, in the abovementioned shape, they all perched, one on the helm, two on the hatches, and one in the hold. Another confessed that she had destroyed a vessel that loosed anchor, and put into a creek, on stress of weather; for that on its putting out a little to sea, she approached it in the shape of a seadog, and overset it. Another related that she, by putting two egg-shells into a cask filled with water, could take away the lives of men; she added, that a boat, in which were sailors, perished on twirling round the shells of the said egg."

"Another woman was accused of witchcraft, practised on a poor girl, after this manner:—she turned her son into a cat, and made him roll himself before the girl, drawing a sledge of sand. The girl struck him several times when he got in, and killed him at last with the instrument in her hand. On her return, she passed by the house of the said woman, when she came out, and addressed her in these words: You have killed my son; may it be ill with you. Soon after the girl was distracted and died."

"A certain one told that when she and other witches were assembled on the eve of the festival of Christ, the evil spirit had danced with them (what the dance was, Polish or English, I know not), when one of the witches lost her shoe, and the master of the ceremonies, by good fortune, put another in its place. Another said that she, together with other witches, was in hell, (a thing horrid and ridiculous) in order to render the scene familiar to them, where an immense boiling lake was to be seen, in which were many men; she added besides, that the devil had an iron pipe, from which he breathed out fire, and that he had drawn out a piece of bacon, put into the same lake, which was dressed in an instant; she insinuated that the said lake was in a valley. Of her accompanying friends she related, that one put on the likeness of a cormorant (commonly called *Krykke*); another of a marine bird, called *Havelde*; another of a dove; another of a dark bird, called *Skarv*; others of jackdaws; and that she herself put on the form of a crow. Another said, that being at a certain place with another witch, called *Hildere*, they drank from two garters, from the one of water and honey, from the other strong beer."

"That the Laplanders were formerly addicted to a variety of superstitions is well known. With some Thursday was kept holy; at least it was thought impious to handle wool on that day. Almost all held Saturday, some Fri-

day, as holidays, calling this latter *Fasto-Beive*, that is the day of fasting above the rest.

"A maritime Laplander of the name of Peter Peterson, dwelling in one of the bays of west Finmark, and parish of Kielvig, commonly called Smorfiord, told me that when he once went out to hunt hares on a Saturday, and was from fatigue seated on the ground, that a spectre with a human visage and dark garment, appeared to him, asking him what he did there, and on his answering that he came to hunt hares, which he intended to give to his priest, the spectre replied, what do you think that hares taken on the Saturday, which should be observed with the greatest veneration, can be acceptable to your priest? And then subjoined in caution, that he should carefully guard against violating Saturday, or any other holy day for the future, by any profane exercise. He added that from this profanation of the ancient festivals, that the wild beasts, birds, and fishes, abhorring and detesting the impiety of irreligious men, quitting their haunts, had fled away and hastened into other countries. That the same spectre, which hitherto presented itself in ragged garments, had soon after appeared to him in a more sumptuous habit, addressing him in words of this kind: you will sacrifice a cow to me, when this is done, the sea, the air, and earth will bring forth again fishes, fowl, and beasts. When this conversation was ended, the Laplander, you will suppose in consternation and disorder, returned home, sat a little, but soon drew his knife in a rage, and in the midst of these agitations of mind and body fell like to a dying man to the ground. His servants faithfully attended on him under this loss of his understanding and senses, striving now and then to awaken him, by slight blows, but in vain. Meantime the apparition which appeared to him in hunting, presented itself to him in his vision, using these words: you will never recover from this disease, unless you sacredly promise, when you get well, that you will, with due right, sacrifice a cow to me. The unhappy man made this promise, and immediately awoke from his trance, but so weak that he could not walk; and as he fancied even still to see the spectre walking up and down before him, he cried out with a loud voice to those present to help him, and drive off the spectre lest he should rush in upon him. Restored at last to himself, he sincerely laid open all he saw and heard, gravely and severely injoining, that none of his people should attempt to profane the Saturday, or any other day that was sacred and festive. He ended here, and instantly recited the Lord's Prayer, and part of the catechism. On the next day, this said Laplander was visited by a great many who had accidentally heard these matters, to whom he gave a sincere explanation of all that happened to him, and attempted to persuade them to bring back and restore Saturday, and all the other festivals of old, which through time were brought into disuse, and should for that purpose sacrifice lambs in order that the former plenty, with which the country abounded, should be restored. Some obeyed his monitions, while others took the whole vision for a mere illusion and juggle of the malign spirit."

"A woman when with child looks to a certain star which is next to the moon, judging from its nearness or remoteness, whether the young she carries in her womb should yield to fate, or be born under a happy omen.

"To put a handle to an axe in the house of a lying-in woman was impious. The Laplanders cautiously provided against any thing twisted or knotty in the garments of a person under such a situation, led by a vain imagination that such knots would render the birth of the woman more difficult. The garments with which she was clothed when in her labour she soon put aside, never to put on or wear again. She was kept to that part of the hut where she lay-in; nor was she permitted to change until she rose in a state of health."

"When discharging leaden balls from their muskets they make use of obscene expressions, and were of an opinion that the wolf had the power of fascinating their pieces, and could prevent their hitting the mark."

"If any man happened to come under a tree where the cuckoo kept, and it raised its note before it fled, he thought it a happy omen for him. To

have found the eggs of this bird was regarded as a happy omen; the head of the person who eat the eggs of such a bird was to be covered with a kettle. To kill a cuckoo was always thought ill luck. And if any one heard him when fasting, in the beginning of spring, this was deemed an unlucky omen, that he would be on bad terms all the next year with his neighbour. To avert this bad omen he forthwith tore the bark from the first tree that presented itself to eat, after going three times round it.

"If any one in the beginning of spring had heard the cry of the *lom*, a kind of large bird, when fasting, he persuaded himself that all that year's produce of milk could not be curdled, or turned into cream, but would be like whey. They had a superstition, too, that if they played with fire even in jest, that the young of the rein-deer would be blind. It was a custom also to mark the doors with the sign of the cross.

It is apparent, that the sun in Lapland in the winter, for the space of seven weeks, is below the plane of the horizon, and under the lower hemisphere; and that the same does not set in summer for the said space of time; and hence a custom, that on its return after seven weeks darkness they anoint their doors.

They have a foolish belief, that stones which are weightier than their size and outward figure seem to require, had in them something preternatural and uncommon.

"They believed that thunder struck their wizards with horror, even killed them. With this persuasion not a small number of Norwegians was impressed. Hence the proverb, That if thunder did not exist, wizards would destroy the universe. They say, that, on the sight of lightning, they run up and down the woods, struck with horror, until they find a hollow tree to conceal themselves in, which was just blasted with lightning.

"There is no doubt but that the Laplanders cherished many more superstitions, but to dwell longer on them would be tedious, having already adduced examples enough to prove to demonstration the errors of this most miserable people."

FELLTHAMIANA.

Sir,

I CONTINUE my excerpts from Owen Felltham, and send you this month two "Resolves" of great merit. The first has truth and reason; the other, if fanciful, is at least ingenious.

I remain, &c.

Oxford, May 9. W.P.

"Of Woman.

"Some are so *uncharitable*, as to thinke *all Women bad*: and others are so credulous, as they beleeve they *all* are *good*. Sure: though every man speakes as he findes; there is reason to direct our opinion, without experience of the whole *Sex*; which in a *strict examination*, makes more for their *honour*, then most men have acknowledged. At first, shee was created his *Equall*; onely the difference was in the *Sex*: otherwise they both were *Man*. If wee argue from the *Text*, that *male* and *female* made *man*: so the *man* being put *first*, was *worthier*. I answere, *So the Evening and Morning was the first day*: yet few will thinke the *night* the *better*. That *Man* is made *her Governour*, and so *above her*, I beleeve rather the punishment of *her sinne*, then the *Prerogative of his worth*: Had they both stood, it may be thought, shee had never beene in that *subjection*: for then had it beene no *curse*, but a *continuance of her former estate*: which had nothing but *blessednesse* in it. *Peter Martyr* indeed is of opinion, that *man* before the *fall*, had *prioritie*: But *Chrysostome*, he sayes, does doubt it. All will grant her *body* more *admirable*, more *beautifull* than *Mans*: fuller of *curiosities*, and *Noble Natures wonders*: both for *conception*, and *fostering* the producted *birth*. And can wee thinke, *God* would put a *worser soule* into a *better body*? When *man* was created, 'tis said, *God made man*: but when *woman*, 'tis said, *God builded her*: as if hee had then beene about a *frame* of *rarer Roomes*, and more *exact composition*. And, without doubt, in her *body* shee is much more *wonderfull*: and by this, we may thinke her so in her *minde*. *Philosophie* tels us, Though the *soule* be not caused by the *body*; yet in the generall it followes the temperament of it: so the *comeliest out-*

sides, are naturally (for the most part) more *vertuous within*. If *place* can bee any priviledge; we shall finde her built in *Paradise*, when *Man* was made *without it*. 'Tis certaine, they are by *constitution* colder than the *boyling Man*: so by this, more *temperate*: 'tis *heate* that transports *Man* to *immoderation* and *furie*: 'tis that, which hurries him to a *savage* and *libidinous violence*. *Women* are naturally the more *modest*: and *modésty* is the *seate* and *dwelling place* of *Vertue*. Whence proceed the most *abhorred villanies*, but from a *masculine unblushing impudence?* What a deale of *sweetnesse* doe we find in a *mild disposition?* When a *Woman* growes bold and daring, we dislike her, and say, *shee is too like a man*: yet in our *selves*, wee *magnifie* what wee *condemne* in *her*. Is not this *iniustice? Euery man* is so much the *better*, by how much hee comes neerer to *God*. *Man* in nothing is more like *Him*, then in being *mercifull*. Yet *Woman* is farre more *mercifull* then *Men*; it being a *Sexe*, wherein *Pitty* and *compassion* haue dispers'd farre brighter *rayes*. *God* is said to bee *Loue*; and I am sure, euery where *Woman* is spoken of, for transcending in that *qualitie*. It was neuer found, but in *two men* onely, that their loue exceeded that of the *feminine Sexe*: and if you obserue them, you shall finde, they were both of *melting dispositions*. I know, when they proue *bad*, they are a sort of the *vilest creatures*: Yet still the same reason giues it: for, *Optima corrupta pessima*: *The best things corrupted, become the worst*. They are things, whose *soules* are of a more *ductible temper*, then the harder metall of *man*: so may bee made both *better* and *worse*. The Representations of *Sophocles* and *Euripides* may bee both true: and for the *tongue-vice*, *talkativenesse*, I see not, but at *meetings*, *Man* may very well *vie words* with them. 'Tis true, they are not of so tumultuous a *spirit*, so not so fit for *great Actions*, *Naturall heat* does more actuate the stirring *Genius* of *Man*. Their easie *Natures* make them somewhat more *unresolute*: whereby *men* have argued them of *feare* and *inconstancie*. But *men* have alwaies held the *Parliament*, and have enacted their owne *wills*, without ever hearing *them* speake: and then, how easie is it to conclude them *guiltie?* Besides, *Education* makes more difference between *men* and *them*, then *Nature*: and, all their *aspersions* are lesse noble, for that they are onely from their *Enemies*, *Men*. *Diogenes snarled bitterly*, when walking with another, hee spyed *two women* talking, and said, *See, the Viper and the Aspe are changing poyson*. The *Poet* was *conceited*, that said, *After they were made ill*, that *God made them fearefull*, that *Man might rule them: otherwise they had beene past dealing with*. *Catullus* his *Conclusion* was too generall, to collect a *deceit* in all *Women*, because he was not confident of his *owne*.

Nulli se dicit mulier mea nubere malle
Quàm mihi: non si se Iupiter ipse petat.
Dicit: sed mulier Cupido quod dicit amanti,
Invento, & rapida scribere oportet aqua.

My *Mistris* sweares she'd leave all men for me:
Yea, though that *Iove* himselfe should *Suiter* be.
She sayes: but what *Women* sweare to kind
Loves, may be writ in *rapid streames*, and wind.

" I am resolved to honour *Vertue*, in what *Sexe* soever I finde it. And I thinke, in the generall, I shall finde it more in *Women* then *Men*; though *weaker* and more *infirmely guarded*. I beleeve, they are *better*, and may bee wrought to bee *worse*. Neither shal the *faults* of *many*, make me *uncharitable* to *All*: nor the *goodnesse* of *some*, make mee *credulous* of the *rest*. Though hitherto, I confesse, I have not found more *sweet* and *constant goodnesse* in *Man*, then I have found in *Woman*: and yet of *these*, I have not found *a number*."

" Sanctitie is a Sentence of three Stops.

" A *Christians* voyage to *Heaven*, is a *Sentence* of three *Stops*; *Comma*, *Colon*, *Periodus*. He that *repents* is come to the *Comma*, and beginnes to speake sweetly, the language of *Salvation*: but if he leaves there, *God* understands not such abrupt *speeches*: sorrow alone cannot expiate a *Pirates* robberies: he must both leave his theft, and serve his *Countrey*, e're his *Prince* will re-

ceive him to *favour*. 'Tis *he that confesseth and forsakes his sinne*, that *shall finde mercy*: 'tis his leaving his *wickednesse*, that is as his *Colon*: and carries him halfe way to *heaven*. Yet heere also is the *Clause* unperfect, unlesse he goes on to the *practice of righteousnesse*, which as a *Period* knits up all, and makes the *Sentence* full. *Returne* and *penitence* is not sufficient for him that hath fled from his *Soveraignes* Banner; he must first doe some *valiant act*, before by the Law of *Armes*, hee can be restored to his former bearing. I will not content my selfe with a *Comma*; *Repentance* helpes not, when *sinne* is renewed; nor dare I make my stay at a *Colon*; not to doe good, is to commit evill, at least by omission of what I ought to doe: before I come to a *Period*, the constant practice of *Pietie*, I am sure, I cannot be sure of *compleate Glory*. If I did all strictly, I were yet *unprofitable*; and if *God* had not appointed my *faith* to *perfect* me, *miserable*. If he were not *full* of *mercies*, how unhappie a *creature* were *man?*"

Desultory Observations on Dryden.

Sir,

NO man of a reflecting turn of mind can take up a book, without having some opinion of that book excited in his mind, detecting some error, discovering some beauty, or meeting with some difficulty. Now, as what are beauties, errors, or difficulties to him, may not be so to others, and as truth is best elicited by the collision of various minds, it would be an advantage to literature did every man come forward with these ideas, which arise from reading, supposing that they be not absolutely silly or fruitless. Magazines, Mr. Editor, are excellent storehouses for such materials, and form a convenient and advantageous medium, through which insulated thoughts upon topics of polite literature, the arts, or sciences may be promulgated. Impressed with this idea, I venture to send for your approbation some rambling observations that occurred to me this morning while turning over the pages of Dryden's works.

From the *Preface to the Fables* may be collected an idea of the extreme servility of Dryden's mind. Speaking of the attempt of *translating* Chaucer, and the general excellence of the plan, he says, "of this opinion was that excellent person whom I mentioned, the late Earl of Leicester, who valued Chaucer as much as Mr. Cowley despised him. My Lord dissuaded me from this attempt, (for I was thinking of it some years before his death) and his authority prevailed so far with me, as to defer my undertaking while he lived, in deference to him; YET MY REASON WAS NOT CONVINCED WITH WHAT HE URGED AGAINST IT!" What more humiliating proof of personal debasement can be given, than that of a man, foregoing an opinion *against his reason*, in weak compliance of another's wish. To increase the degradation, too, we see that man himself tell the world the dishonourable fact! When we reflect that such servility was united with the high endowments of genius, our indignation is increased tenfold. Had a private individual urged this, though possessing a better judgment than the Earl of Leicester, it is probable Dryden would have followed his own inclination: but his lordship's "authority" prevailed: Dryden had not learned to respect himself.

In the *Flower and the Leaf* there is a confusion of time, which is sufficiently remarkable:

"When Chanticleer the second watch had sung
Scorning the scorner sleep, from bed I sprung;
And dressing by the moon, in loose array,
Passed out in open air, *preventing day*,
And sought a goodly grove, as fancy led my way.
Straight as a line in beauteous order stood
Of oaks unshorn a venerable wood;
Fresh was the grass beneath, and every tree
At distance planted in a due degree,
Their branching arms in air with equal space
Stretch'd to their neighbours with a long embrace;
And the new leaves on every bough were seen
Some ruddy coloured, some of lighter green.
The painted birds, companions of the spring,
Hopping from spray to spray were heard to sing."

I believe it is rather an unusual circumstance to hear birds singing by moonlight.

This same poem also presents an instance of anti-climax, not perhaps easily paralleled.

"On the green bank I sat, and listen'd long,
(Sitting was more convenient for the song!")

Loose as Dryden confessedly was in his versification, it was hardly to be expected that he should have written such a line.

Perhaps some of your readers may be able to inform me what sort of rime is that which is called *female rimes*. I confess my own ignorance of them: nor have I ever seen them mentioned, but in the following passage from Dryden's preface to the *Annus Mirabilis*,—"Neither can we give ourselves the liberty of making any part of a verse for the sake of rime, or concluding with a word which is not current English, or using the variety of *female rimes*, all which our fathers practised: and for the *female rimes* they are still in use amongst other nations: with the Italian in every line; with the Spaniard promiscuously; with the French alternately; as those who have read the *Alarique*, the *Pucelli*, or any of their later poems will agree with me."

On this subject I should thank any of your readers for an explanation, and specimens of the *female rime*, and remain, &c.

Cambridge, May 1. I. I. D.

On the SOCIETY *for the* SUPPRESSION *of* VICE.

SIR,

IN the liberal and impartial pages of your Magazine I hope to find an asylum for a few words upon a subject which seems to be too little attended to: I mean the SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE. I wish, through the medium of your publication, to call the attention of its readers, and of the public at large, to a consideration of the daily excesses committed by this puritanical horde, who infringe upon the rights of individuals, and the private liberties of the subject. No man wishes more ardently than myself, that vice should be exterminated wherever it can; but at the same time, no man would more resolutely resist the fawning encroachments of inquisitorial eaves droppers. Let this self-constituted society confine themselves to such objects as may meet with public approbation: let them not send their spies and their hirelings into the houses of Englishmen; let them not lurk like petty informers through the streets, to catch some poor barber shaving his customers on a Sunday morning, that they may go decently to church; or some innkeeper giving shelter and refreshment on a Sunday evening to the homeless and o'erlaboured beings, who drive many a weary mile the cattle which furnish this metropolis with food; let them not break in upon the harmless diversions of the people, and erect their own rank hypocrisy as the palladium of morality; let them, I say, WATCH OVER THEIR OWN CONDUCT: let every member commence the work of reformation with himself; let them tremble, how they proceed so far, till some Englishman shall step forward, expose their proceedings, and call upon his countrymen to resist with determined energy the hateful and abhorred system of private inquisition, which their rotten and unwholesome sanctity would seek to establish.

I hope most earnestly that the evil will correct itself: that their own excesses will produce their own disgrace and ruin. I hope this letter may rouse some pen to vindicate the PRIVATE RIGHTS OF ENGLISHMEN: or if no abler one appears, I will attempt the task: I stand in no awe of their power: I detest their principles; I venerate my country, and the liberty I have been educated in: in the absence of better men, I will never fear to step forward where I think I can be of service: and *I know*, that it only needs the word to be sounded, to create a host of vindicators. It is in this hope that I address you, Sir: I feel the task that I have assigned myself; I undertake it deliberately: and it will form the proudest recollection of my life if I can stem a current which threatens to overwhelm that noble consciousness in the breasts of Englishmen, that his *house is his castle*, and that only when he has offended against the laws, can it be violated. Above all, I should rejoice to free them from a tyrannical species of domestic inquisition: a hateful

system, by which men are paid, retained, supported, to betray their fellow subjects, so that every man looks with suspicion upon his neighbour, and the barriers of social confidence are gradually undermining. It excites the highest indignation, when I consider what contemptible things are the objects of this society's prosecution: contemptible in themselves, but vexatious to the subject. I will examine their whole proceedings: I will examine them upon constitutional grounds; I will hunt them, to the utmost of my power, through all their doublings.

I repeat it, let the members of this society confine themselves to such matters as demand amendment: let them abolish the infamous sale of immoral books and obscene plates: let them restrict their operations to such business as is, in fact, amenable to the law, but which the administrators of the law have few means of detecting and punishing: let them do this, and they will be venerated and esteemed by their countrymen: but let them step beyond this, and infringe upon private liberty, by exercising a vexatious jurisdiction over every petty action which a man commits in his own house, and it shall not be my fault if they escape hatred, infamy, and disgrace. I remain, &c.

London, May 16. W. Mudford.

P.S. I shall await the publication of your number for *June* with considerable anxiety, as I am not without strong expectations that this letter may call forth the thoughts of many, more competent, though not more willing, to effect the liberation I wish. If I find, however, that such is not the case, I will then, with your permission, address a series of letters to my countrymen, upon a topic so important to their liberty and interests.

Polonius' Beard?

Sir,

As your Magazine is daily becoming more and more looked up to in theatrical affairs, permit me to state what appears to me an error in the tragedy of *Hamlet*, as it is now represented at Covent Garden theatre. When the *Player King* is reciting before *Hamlet*, "Æneas' tale to Dido," *Polonius* exclaims "*This is too long*," to which *Hamlet* replies,

"It shall to the barber's with your beard."

Now this allusion to the beard of Polonius, evidently points out the propriety of his having one in the representation: but the eye of the spectator looks in vain upon the smooth shaven chin of Mr. Munden, for that longitude of beard which requires diminution. This therefore is an error, which ought to be amended.

Newman-street, I remain, &c.
May 1. Barbatus.

Annotations *on the* Text *of* Shakspeare.

Sir,

In point of original genius, of the *vivida vis animi*, and those

"Mad natural graces that extinguish art,"

our national dramatist is, perhaps, inferior to none of the modern or ancient models of composition that we possess. The present writer does not, however, defer to the sentiment of those who maintain his almost total ignorance of literature; but is inclined to the opinion, (as Quinctilian says of Aper*) that "*potius contemnebat libros quam nesciebat.*" To the maxim of the polished Algarotti, "che la poesia dei settentrionali consista più di pensieri che d'immagini," he must be allowed to form the most conspicuous exception; for in what author shall we look for bursts of fancy more sublime than those of Shakspeare?

Dryden,† whose mind was imbued with the fine phrenzy of poetry, has with justice observed of this illustrious bard, that he needed not the *spectacles of books* to read nature: the energy of his conceptions has produced a style of language peculiar to himself; but which is yet frequently inefficient to embody the vivid ideas that his creative imagination suggested.

The charge of inutility is readily urged against additional remarks, by those who may think that a satiety of comment has already been employed, in order to diffuse and refine the benefit of the pleasure of his dramatic powers; but it should be reflected, that complete elucidation, in questionable passages, is more easily attained by successive observation and

* Dialog. de Orat.
† Essay on Dramatic Poesie.

varied research. The explanation of a single passage may sometimes occasion inferences, with respect to a disputed meaning elsewhere; the collateral exertions of reason are in some degree similar to the solar rays, which are not concentrated to a particular point, but embrace the circuit of the visible horizon.

The following trifles have accumulated and reposed during several years; and from an intelligent reader they may expect the indulgence of candor, if they cannot aspire to the acquiescence of conviction.

I remain, &c. PERRECTURUS.

TEMPEST.—*Act I. Sc. I.*

"*Blow till thou burst thee, wind, if room enough!*"

This scene is closely imitated in the commencement of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Sea-Voyage*.

Like one,
Who having unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory
To credit his own lie.—Sc. 2.

By this lection, *it* is very irregularly referred to *lie*, that occurs after it. Hanmer's text gives *untruth*, and Warburton's *oft*. The two readings united would elicit sense:—

"Who having an untruth by telling oft," &c.

On their sustaining *garments not a blemish.*

Maintaining their life after escape from wreck, Miranda has said, at the beginning of this scene, the "*freighting* souls within," to intimate those who loaded the vessel.

Now I arise.

Prospero means, that he is about to relate the amelioration of his circumstances in the ensuing part of his tale. He accordingly subjoins,

"*Sit still, and hear the* last *of our sea-sorrow.*"

(I find myself anticipated by Warburton, whom the *revisal*, in my opinion, ineffectually opposes.)

We cannot miss him.

That is, we are unable to spare his services. So in Macbeth, "Who *cannot want* the thought, how monstrous," &c. explained hereafter.

Act II.

Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to whet the grief on't.

She, whose absence should be the occasion of exciting your tears, is banished from your sight. *Whet* is in reference to the *degree* of grief. Mr. Heath's interpretation (*revisal*) is extremely harsh: he supposes the eye to be treated as a person.

*Are upon the Mediterranean flote**
Bound sadly home for Naples.

Flote is the participle, and equivalent to *afloat*.

Calib —"*Water with berries in't.*"

With equal wildness and energy, the savage thus designates *wine*.

Vouchsafe, my prayer
May know, if you remain *upon this island.*

Inhabit: Fr. *demeurer*.

My husband then?—Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom.

Willing is here used for *glad*.

Mr. Steevens affirms himself ignorant of the difference between *aferde* and *affraide*. I think that the latter included the idea of *disorderly dress*. Thus, Chaucer; Romaunt of the Rose, v. 154:

"*For she was nothing well* arayde,
But like a wode woman afraide."

The poet applies these words to Hate, personified.

Act IV.—Sc. I.

I
Have giv'n you here a third *of mine own life.*

Prospero speaks thus on presenting Miranda as the bride of Ferdinand. The critics wish to understand this as a *thread* of life. Lachesis has no connection with marriage. There is an allusion to Catullus, Carm. Nupt. (de Virginitate).

"Tertia *pars patri data*; *pars data tertia matri*;
Tertia *pars tua est*; noli pugnare duobus:" &c.

These words import, that Prospero's life was interwoven with the chastity of Miranda: he afterwards insists on her "virgin knot." The Roman poet is addressing a modest bride.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Act III. Sc. I.

"*If my master—be but* one knave."

* The Editor of the Univ. Mag. would propose a less objectionable reading. May not *flote* be from the French *flot*, a wave; and may not the meaning be, "are upon the Mediterranean *wave*," for *sea*, by a metonomy very common with Shakspeare?

If his wickedness be not *excessive*. Sosicles says of a blockhead, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Queen of Corinth, that "he utters such *single* matter in so infantly a voice." *Single* (like *one*) denotes insignificance, and the word *double*, excess. Brabantio, in Othello, boasts of "a voice as *double*, or powerful, as the duke's."

Act III. Sc. II.

Orpheus' lute was strung with poet's sinews.

Warburton's supposition, that lute means a system of laws, is not necessary. That "the lute of Orpheus was endued with poetical attributes," constitutes very plain sense.

Act V. Sc. III.

And that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Sylvia I give thee.

These words undoubtedly appear inconsistent in Valentine.

Perhaps the similarity of the *familiar* sounds of *but* and *that*, has caused the intrusion of the latter into the second line in lieu of the former. If we admit *but was*, the interpretation will be natural. "To convince you of my reconciliation, I grant you all my love, *excepting* that share in my affections that *was* occupied by Sylvia." The latter word is emphatic, and implies that his regard for his mistress *is* not yet diminished.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Act I. Sc. I.

The luce is the fresh fish, the salt fish is an old coat.

Mr. Tollet's note expresses an opinion, that *salted* means *powdered*, which may be also understood as *white*. Perhaps there was a distinction between the *luce*, considered *per se*, and the *white luce* before-mentioned. The passage then signifies, that an old coat of arms was distinguished by the white luce, or salt fish; a new one, by the simple luce.

Act III. Sc. III.

I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond.

J. Harrington has imitated this in a *Sonnet on Isabella Markhame*, and is followed by Pope in the Elegy on an unfortunate Lady:

"Whence comes my love, O heart disclose,
'Twas from cheeks that sham'd the rose;
From lips that speak the rubies praise,
From eyes that *mock the diamond's blaze*."

See Nugæ Antiquæ, p. 129; published by Dodsley, 1769.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Act II. Sc. I.

Huddled jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance.

Conveyance (or attack) which it was impossible to parry or repel.

Act III. Sc. IV.

And now he (Benedict) *eats his meat without grudging.*

"He has resigned his fruitless struggles against his passion, and is at length contented to love and to hope."

To the SOCIETY *of* PEOPLE, *commonly called* QUAKERS.

TO you as a peculiarly considerate and a peculiarly benevolent people, an appeal is now made in behalf of those miserable little children, who are employed to sweep chimneys by climbing. You, no doubt, are well aware of their sufferings, and no doubt are desirous of lessening their hardships. To you is owing in a great degree, the abolition of that inhuman traffic, the African slave-trade; and may it not be hoped that you will give your assistance to abolish another very great evil, though certainly as far as respects the number of sufferers very small, when compared with that trade. It is not meant to be inferred that there are not as benevolent individuals of other denominations: but taken collectively, happy would it be were all alike in this respect as yourselves.

The evils attending climbing chimneys has long been lamented, and several associations have been formed at different times for lessening the hardships of those employed in that occupation. In the year 1803, a society was established in London, "for superseding the necessity of climbing boys, by encouraging a new method of sweeping chimnies, and for improving the condition of children and others employed by chimney-sweepers." This society has now been actively employed for five years, and there is great reason to hope that it has *laid a foundation for the complete abolition of the practice of climbing chimneys*. That the chimneys which are already built may, in most cases, be as effectually swept by mechanical means, as they have heretofore been by climbing, there is very little doubt. Since the institution of the society,

those means have been adopted in many thousand instances in London, and in different parts of the kingdom. The principal machine which has been used for the purpose is one, consisting of a brush and hollow-rods, connected together by a cord which passes through them. In many cases where easy access can be had to the top of the chimney, the method generally practised in the north of England may be adopted, which is by drawing up and down a bundle of straw, a broom, or a furze bush, tied to a rope. The society have lately had some square bricks, with a circular opening, shewn at one of their meetings, which bricks, if brought into use, would form chimneys peculiarly well adapted for machinery.

Several of the above-mentioned machines, with hollow-rods, have been forwarded into the country to the following places, at the request, it is understood, of individuals of your society, to Bristol, Birmingham, Sheffield, Chichester, and Witham, in Essex. It may be observed, that in the committee of the society for superseding the necessity of climbing-boys, &c. are two of your people, and amongst the subscribers several more, so that already you have manifested your zeal in this cause. The time now approaches when many of you will assemble in the metropolis on your annual affairs, when it is hoped you will, if you are not already sufficiently informed, make enquiry respecting the object of this address; and when returned into the country, confer with your friends on the best means of promoting that object in your several neighbourhoods.

May 13, 1808. *A Member of the Society for superseding the necessity of Climbing Boys, &c.*

Miscellanea.

Sir,

THE origin of the proverb, *to carry coles*, so frequent in the works of Shakspeare and contemporary writers, has not been, to my knowledge, explained by any commentator. A passage in Spenser may elucidate it:

"He, soone discovering his desire,
And finding now fit opportunity
To stirre up strife, 'twixt love, and spight, and ire,
Did privily *put coles* unto his *secret fire*."
Faery Queene, Bk. Cant. St. 2, 4, 11.

To *carry coles*, in the phraseology of that age, signifies to *endure insult*; or if the preceding be admitted, "to bear those provocations without resentment, which should induce us to manifest the feelings of anger."

2. The famous *darkness visible* of Milton may be found in a line of Spenser; F. Q. B. C. S. 1, 1, 14:

"A little glooming light, *much like a shade*;

and Quintus Curtius was perhaps the model for this latter:

"Obscura cœli, *verius umbra quàm lux*, nocti similis premit terram.—*Lib.* 6, *c* 3, *de Parapamisadis.*

3. The following notes occurred to me while reviewing the volume of Beaumont and Fletcher's works, which contains the lately revived tragedy of Bonduca.

The prophetess says to *Drusilla*, to whom she promises reparation for the infidelity of *Diocles:*

"He shall be *thine*,
Or wish in vain he were not"—*Act* 2, *sc.* 3.

The last editors (1778) incline to think, that "*were not*" denotes his future wish of escaping from wretchedness by death. For this there is no necessity; as the word *thine* will bear a double sense of *love* and *subjection*. "If he be not attached to your *love*, he shall vainly hope to escape from your *power*." Thus, Ovid, in a similar turn of phrase, (Artis Amatoride, Lib. 2.)

Quo sine non possit vivere; *posse velit.*

Again, in Bonduca, Act 1, sc. 1, Caratach, in allusion to his swimming a river in the enemy's sight,

"When the stars of Rome
Shot at me as I floated."

These words to the editors appear obscure; but the meaning is obvious: "When the fortune of the Roman name was opposed to my single life." We have heard of Fortune in alliance with the Roman Eagle; and why not apply it, *parili ratione*, to the accustomed success in war of the *tela Latinorum?*

" Honor got out of flint; and on their heads,
Whose virtue, like the sun, exhal'd all valors " *Act* 2, *Sc.* 1.

'Whose valor wither'd martial prowess, and rendered it ineffectual.' The editors propose *vapors*. Insipid and absurd! *Quis teneat se?*—Yet by these men is a most rancorous malignity betrayed towards the memory of the Rev. Mr. Seward (father of the present Miss S.) and his coadjutor Mr. Sympson, whose notes are far the most valuable part of their work.

4. Mr. Mason has committed a strange mistake in his Life of Gray, on the subject of West's Elegy. In that poem two lines of Tibullus are translated, Eleg. III. 5, as follow:

Quid fraudare juvat vitem crescentibus uvis,
Et modo nata malâ vellere poma manu.

On which it is observed, that the repetition of the *synonimes*, *mala*, and *poma*, is a great defect: *mala* is here the ablative of the adjective, and not the substantive. How can we account for this error in a scholar, unless from the vicious habit of pronunciation that now prevails?

5. Voltaire has the following lines in his ode on the defeat of the French by Frederic of Prussia:

" Français, ta valeur si vantée,
Devant le Prussien est glacée;
Tout est perdu, *jusqu' a l'honneur*."

This is an evident allusion to the Letter of Francis I, when taken prisoner by Charles V. On that occasion, he is reported to have written in the following terms to the Queen Dowager:

" *Madame, tout est perdu, hormis l'honneur*."

May 10. PERRECTURUS.

CRITICISM.

" Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam."

MARMION; *a Tale of Flodden Field*. By WALTER SCOTT, ESQ. 1 vol. 4to. 1808.

WE took up this volume with no common expectations. Not that we are by any means inclined to concede to Mr. Scott that pre-eminence which his countrymen have endeavoured to claim for him. His celebrity is the celebrity of fashion: it is built pretty nearly upon the same basis as the driver of a new equipage, or the inventor of a new button—novelty. But the fame of singularity, though dazzling as a meteor, is, like it, as transitory too: it gleams for awhile upon the sight, and sinks at last unnoticed and unregretted. Mr. Scott, in the " Lay of the last Minstrel," displayed a very considerable facility of rime, much knowledge of the manners, opinions, and prejudices of the middle ages, and some degree of poetical fancy. The book was read precisely for the same reason that a novel is read, because it told of goblins, and fairies, castellated mansions, chains, daggers, dungeons, blood and murder: and it was exuberantly praised by precisely that class of readers who are most forward to praise a romance in prose. Mr. Scott is in fact a Mrs. Radcliffe in poetry, but without her occasional elevations. His ideas are pretty, his language is pretty, his verse is pretty; and the reader glides through a hundred or two of pages thus prettily filled, with as little sense of relish upon his mental palate, as he would upon his physical one after drinking a pint of milk and honey. He is without inspiration, sublimity, or energy; yet he has genius enough to versify a tale of chivalry so as not to be absolutely dull; and if he be a vain man, he will find food for his vanity, by seeing a number of pretty sonnets addressed to him, in the pages of different magazines, written by gentle masters and misses of promising abilities. He has a right indeed to expect this honour, for Mr. Capel Lofft has it, and so has Mr. Nathaniel Bloomfield, *cum cæteris paribus*.

The present volume, as a whole, is inferior to the " Lay of the last Minstrel; yet it is a pleasing performance. It is a fictitious tale, invented merely as a vehicle for describing the manners and customs of the 16th century. It is written with every possible licence of metre and language: of the former we have all sorts; and of the latter we have a " Babylonish dialect"

of Scottish, English, obsolete, and antiquated. Mr. Scott may well indulge in an exuberance of rimes, when he has pressed into his service the liege subjects of all countries, and even evoked the dead. We shall leave, however, these general remarks, and proceed to lay before our readers a succinct analysis of each canto, including at the same time, whatever strictures we may have to offer.

The poem is comprised in six cantos, and to each of them is prefixed a metrical introduction to six different friends of the author, and which we look upon as capital blemishes. They are as incongruous as though we were to place a modern opera hat upon the statue of King Charles at Charing Cross. They are principally political, and contain fulsome eulogies upon Pitt, Fox, Nelson, Miss Joanna Baillie, and the several persons to whom they are addressed. We call them fulsome eulogies, not because the persons just mentioned were or are undeserving of praise: but there is a dignity in praising which only a feeling mind can know. The mere accumulation of applauding epithets, without delicacy and without strict application, should no more please a refined mind, than the daubings of an inferior artist should a refined eye. Added to this, there is an awkward and violent transition from the manners of ancient chivalry, tales of barons, damsels, nuns, and goblins, to modern events and the author's opinions upon them. This is such a mixture of the new and the old, or rather such an intervention of the author in *propria persona*, as can never please. The introductions themselves are pretty enough; but here they are misplaced, and their prettiness is forgotten.

Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines
Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.

We have hinted at Mr. Scott's variety of rime; but the following couplet defies the power of scansion:

The world defrauded of the high design,
Profaned the God-given strength and marred the lofty line. p. 18.

It reminded us strongly of two lines in an old poet:

Then up the hero rose full manfully,
And whether he could overcome the foe, resolved to go and try.

The first canto opens with the arrival of Lord Marmion, a fictitious character, at the castle of Norham, in his way to Scotland, upon a fictitious embassy to James IV. from Henry VIII. of England. The period in which the narrative of the poem is comprised, is from about the commencement of August, to the 4th of September, 1513, the day of the battle of Flodden. Lord Marmion arrives at Norham Castle at sun set, and the following lines from the first *stanza*, if so we may call the divisions of Mr. Scott's irregular rhythm, we thought somewhat happy.

The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
Seem'd forms of giant height;
Their armour as it caught the rays
Flash'd back again the western blaze,
In lines of dazzling light.

After this follows a tedious poetical description of the retinue of Lord Marmion, in which Mr. Scott displays a considerable knowledge of his subject; but inspiration itself could not give interest to topics of antiquarian reseach. After a little bustle in the castle, occasioned by the arrival of so great a personage, Lord Marmion enters, and Mr. Scott proceeds to describe his hero; but in sober truth, Butler himself could scarcely have depicted his knight more ludicrously. In one part, indeed, he had evidently Milton's Beelzebub in view, of whom that poet thus speaks:

"Deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat, and public care:"

but Mr. Scott, fettered by rime, or misled by a vicious taste, transfers the "lines of thought" from the *forehead* to the *cheek*:

Yet lines of thought upon his cheek
Did deep design and counsel speak.

Now we have seen the brow of youth furrowed by thought and meditation, and the cheek of age wrinkled by the hand of time; but such a *lusus naturæ* as Mr. Scott here gives, we have never seen. These lines, however, were but a prelude to more matter of mirth, in the remaining description of Lord Marmion. If any person can read the

following picture of a martial knight, without thinking of a brewer's drayman, it will be wonderful; if without laughing, we envy him his rigidity of muscle.

His forehead by his casque worn bare,
His thick mousta he and curly hair,
Coal black, and *grizzled here and there*,
But more thro' toil than age:
His square turn'd joints and strength of limb
Shew'd him no carpet Knight so trim,
But, in close fight, *a champion grim*,
In camps, a leader sage.

But how a grizzled beard, square joints, and strength of limb, can be regarded as indicative of wisdom in the camp, Mr. Scott must inform us. We agree to his first induction, that they may make their possessor (the first attribute excepted) a "champion grim," but we utterly deny the second.

Lord Marmion and his suite being regaled, his host makes some enquiry respecting a page that he once had. This page was in fact a nun, *Constance de Beverly*, whom love for Marmion induced to follow him in the capacity of his page. But Marmion, satiated with her charms, wished to marry Clara, of the noble house of Gloucester, who was betrothed to Lord de Wilton. To get rid of this prior suitor, Marmion attaints him (falsely) of treason, and by certain forged papers, gives colour to the accusation: De Wilton challenges Marmion to single combat: they meet, and De Wilton falls; his estates are accordingly confiscated. Clara, however, remains inflexible, and refuses to give her hand to Marmion, who now, to get rid of the importunities of Constance de Beverly, has this last confined in a monastery on the island of Lindisfarne, on the coast of Northumberland. Thus much we have stated, that our readers may better understand our abridgement.

Marmion now solicits of his host some guide who may conduct him and his train to the court of the king of Scotland, being unacquainted with the country. The supposed object of his mission is to know for what object those numerous troops are levied, which it was in fact James's intention to employ against England, and the flower of which, fell in the disastrous conflict at Flodden. A certain *Palmer*, who happened to arrive at Norham Castle on the preceding evening, is deemed a fit person, and he is thus described:

"'—Let pass," quoth Marmion, "by my fay,
This man shall guide me on my way,
Although the great arch-fiend and he
Had sworn themselves of company;
So please you, gentle youth, to call
This Palmer to the castle hall."
The summoned Palmer came in place;
His sable cowl o'erhung his face;
In his black mantle was he clad,
With Peter's keys, in cloth of red,
On his broad shoulders wrought;
The scallop shell his cap did deck;
The crucifix around his neck
Was from Loretto brought;
His sandels were with travel tore,
Staff, budget, bottle, scrip, he wore;
The faded palm branch in his hand,
Shewed pilgrim from the Holy Land.

When as the Palmer came in hall,
Nor lord, nor knight, was there more tall,
Or had a statelier step withal,
Or looked more high and keen;
For no saluting did he wait,
But strode across the hall of state,
And fronted Marmion where he sate,
As he his peer had been.
But his gaunt frame was worn with toil;
His cheek was sunk, alas the while!
And when he struggled at a smile,
His eye looked haggard wild.
Poor wretch! the mother that him bare,
If she had been in presence there,
In his wan face, and sun-burned hair,
She had not known her child.
Danger, long travel, want, or woe,
Soon change the form that best we know—
For deadly fear can time outgo,
And blanch at once the hair;
Hard toil can roughen form and face,
And want can quench the eye's bright grace,
Nor does old age a wrinkle trace,
More deeply than despair.
Happy whom none of these befall,
But this poor Palmer knew them all.

Lord Marmion then his boon did ask;
The Palmer took on him the task,
So he would march with morning tide,
To Scottish court to be his guide.
—"But I have solemn vows to pay,
And may not linger by the way,
To fair Saint Andrew's bound,
Within the ocean-cave to pray,
Where good Saint Rule his holy lay,
From midnight to the dawn of day,
Sung to the billows' sound;
Thence to Saint Fillan's blessed well,
Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel,

And the crazed brain restore:—
Saint Mary grant, that cave or spring
Could back to peace my bosom bring,
Or bid it throb no more!"—

This is a fair specimen of Mr. Scott's manner: it is pleasingly written, and serves to prepare the mind for something more from this palmer. The first canto closes with the description of the departure of Lord Marmion and his holy guide.

The "Introduction" to canto second contains a piece of ineffable nonsense.

Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is truth!

What period of human existence can possibly be designated by such unmeaning language we know not. But there is some reparation for this in the concluding lines of the Introduction, beginning at p. 69.

The second canto opens with the description of a vessel approaching the island of Lindisfarn, on board of which is the abbess of St. Hilda, and Clara, who has resolved to enter the church now that De Wilton is no more. The cause of this voyage is thus told:

"Sad was this voyage to the dame;
Summon'd to Lindisfarn, she came,
There with Saint Cuthbert's Abbot old,
And Tynemouth's prioress, to hold
A chapter of Saint Benedict,
For inquisition stern and strict,
On two apostates from the faith,
And, if need were, to doom to death."

The objects of this solemn inquisition are Constance de Beverley, and a monk whom she had suborned to poison Clare, her rival in the affections of Marmion. The gloomy dungeon in which they met to decide upon their fate, and the attending circumstances, are forcibly described.

While round the fire such legends go,
Far different was the scene of woe,
Where, in a secret aisle beneath,
Council was held of life and death.
It was more dark and lone, that vault,
Than the worst dungeon cell;
Old Colwulf built it for his fault,
In penitence to dwell,
When he, for cowl and beads, laid down
The Saxon battle-axe and crown.
This den, which, chilling every sense
Of feeling, hearing, sight,
Was called the Vault of Penitence,
Excluding air and light,
Was, by the prelate Sexhelm, made
A place of burial, for such dead
As, having died in mortal sin,
Might not be laid the church within.
'Twas now a place of punishment:
Where, if so loud a shriek were sent,
As reached the upper air,
The hearers blessed themselves, and said,
The spirits of the sinful dead
Bemoaned their torments there.

But though, in the monastic pile,
Did of this penitential aisle
Some vague tradition go,
Few only, save the Abbot, knew
Where the place lay; and still more few
Where those, who had from him the clew
To that dread vault to go.
Victim and executioner
Were blind-fold when transported there.
In low dark rounds the arches hung,
From the rude rock the side-walls sprung;
The grave stones, rudely sculptured o'er,
Half sunk in earth, by time half wore,
Were all the pavement of the floor;
The damp dew drops fell one by one,
With tinkling plash, upon the stone.
A cresset,* in an iron chain,
Which served to light this drear domain,
With damp and darkness seemed to strive,
As if it scarce might keep alive;
And yet it dimly served to shew
The awful conclave met below.

There, met to doom in secrecy,
Were placed the heads of convents three:
All servants of Saint Benedict,
The statutes of whose order strict
On iron table lay;
In long black dress, on seats of stone,
Behind were these three judges shewn,
By the pale cresset's ray:
The Abbess of Saint Hilda's, there,
Sate for a space with visage bare,
Until, to hide her bosom's swell,
And tear-drops that for pity fell,
She closely drew her veil:
You shrouded figure, as I guess,
By her proud mien and flowing dress,
Is Tynemouth's haughty Prioress,
And she with awe looks pale:
And he, that Ancient Man, whose sight
Has long been quenched by age's night,
Upon whose wrinkled brow alone,
Nor ruth, nor mercy's trace is shown,
Whose look is hard and stern,—
Saint Cuthbert's Abbot is his stile;
For sanctity called, through the isle,
The Saint of Landisfarn.

Before them stood a guilty pair;
But, though an equal fate they share,
Yet one alone deserves our care.
Her sex a page's dress belied;

* Antique Chandelier.

The cloak and doublet, loosely tied,
Obscured her charms, but could not hide.
Her cap down o'er her face she drew;
And on her doublet breast,
She tried to hide the badge of blue,
Lord Marmion's falcon crest.
But, at the Prioress' command,
A Monk undid the silken band,
That tied her tresses fair,
And raised the bonnet from her head,
And down her slender form they spread
In ringlets rich and rare.
Constance de Beverley they know,
Sister professed of Fontevraud,
Whom the church numbered with the dead,
For broken vows and convent fled."

This is entitled to higher praise than the usual strain of Mr. Scott's poetry; but he can rarely continue above a few pages without falling into absolute silliness, or betraying all the inflated emptiness of modern versifiers: of the former here is an example immediately following the above; describing the motionless position of Constance, thus exposed, he says, did not her heaving bosom warrant

That neither sense nor pulse she *lacks*,
You might have thought *a form of wax*,
Wrought to the very life was there,
So still she was, so pale, so fair!

And in the next page we are told that the guilty monk, whom she suborned to poison Clare, was one

Whose brute feeling ne'er aspires
Beyond his own more brute desires.
Such tools the tempter ever needs
To do the *saragest* of deeds.

The first two lines have no meaning; and the last two are vulgar.

The sentence passed upon these wretched beings was that "living death," which the Romans inflicted upon those vestals who had violated their vow of chastity; and with its infliction the second canto closes. Before, however, we dismiss it, we will notice two or three errors that struck us. In the twenty-seventh stanza, Constance designates the wealth of her rival Clara, by a colloquial and vulgar epithet.

He saw young Clara's face more fair,
He knew her of *broad* lands the heir.

In the twenty-ninth stanza we have a line so rough and so unmusical, that no trick of oratory could pronounce it even with decent grace:

But ill the dastard kept his oath
Whose cowardice has undone us both!

And in the next stanza is a couplet worthy of Mr. Wordsworth.

And come he slow, or come he fast,
It is but death that comes at last.

What mere *namby pamby* stuff is this: but we do not wonder Mr. Scott should *write* such, when he has not hesitated to *quote* worse from his friend Mr. Wordsworth, in the notes to canto second.

The swans on sweet St. Mary's lake
Float double, swan and shadow!

If such lines be not contemptibly absurd, there is nothing in man that is so. This is not the place to examine Mr. Wordsworth's inanity; his poems are a tissue of emptiness: but if Mr. Scott's taste led him to quote the above couplet, we must think humbly of it indeed. The stanza of Johnson, at three years old, is Homeric compared to such silliness:

Here lies good master duck
Whom Samuel Johnson trod on:
Had it lived, it had been good luck,
There then had been an odd one.

We pass over the introduction to canto third, though it is by far the best of the whole; and proceed to its contents. It is entitled the "Hostel or Inn," and represents Lord Marmion as arrived, under the guidance of the palmer, at a Scotish inn, there to pass the night. The first stanza contains a grammatical error, in making the verb *to wind*, regular in its participial termination.

By glen and streamlet *winded* still.

We do not attribute this to Mr. Scott's ignorance of the right; but to some idle predilection for the wrong: for we have observed, in several other parts of the work, an improper mutation of irregular into regular verbs. In the present instance, we suppose the verse forced him into it; in the others, probably the same cause, (as at page 134, where he uses the obsolete preterite *wan* instead of won;) or a partiality for antique usage. But whatever may be the motive, the thing itself is wrong, and Mr. Scott would have shown his judgment by avoiding it.

In this canto Mr. Scott shews Lord Marmion to us in rather a better light, than when he celebrated his square joints. Describing the mirthful group of his followers round the fire of the inn, he says,

Their's was the glee of martial breast,
And laughter their's at little jest;
And oft Lord Marmion deigned to aid,
And mingle in the mirth they made:
For though, with men of high degree,
The proudest of the proud was he,
Yet, trained in camps, he knew the art
To win the soldier's hardy heart.
They love a captain to obey,
Boisterous as March, yet fresh as May;
With open hand, and brow as free,
Lover of wine, and minstrelsy;
Ever the first to scale a tower,
As venturous in a lady's bower,
Such buxom chief shall lead his host
From India's fires to Zembla's frost.

And immediately afterwards the palmer is again introduced in the following striking manner:

Resting upon his pilgrim staff,
Right opposite the Palmer stood;
His thin dark visage seen but half,
Half hidden by his hood.
Still fixed on Marmion was his look,
Which he, who ill such gaze could brook,
Strove by a frown to quell; /
But not for that, though more than once
Full met their stern encountering glance,
The palmer's visage fell.

By fits less frequent from the crowd
Was heard the burst of laughter loud;
For still, as squire and archer stared
On that dark face and matted beard,
Their glee and game declined.
All gazed at length in silence drear,
Unbroke, save when, in comrade's ear
Some yeoman, wondering in his fear,
Thus whispered forth his mind:—
'Saint Mary! saw'st thou ere such sight?
How pale his cheek, his eye how bright,
Whene'er the fire-brand's fickle light
Glances beneath his cowl!
Full on our Lord he sets his eye;
For his best palfrey, would not I
Endure that sullen scowl.'—

But Marmion, as to chase the awe
Which thus had quell'd their hearts, who saw
The ever-varying fire-light shew
That figure stern and face of woe,
Now called upon a squire:—
'Fitz-Eustace, know'st thou not some lay,
To speed the lingering night away?
We slumber by the fire.'

This is well written, but Fitz-Eustace, who complies with his lord's request, sings a remarkably silly song.

For lack of other amusement to pass away the evening the host is now made to tell a goblin story, of a certain haunted place in the neighbourhood, where if a person go at midnight and blow a bugle horn, immediately a form will appear in the guise of his worst enemy, whoever that may happen to be. Lord Marmion hears this tale, and resolves to steal forth at midnight, armed at all points, and attended by Fitz-Eustace, to try if there be any truth in it. He does so: Fitz-Eustace waits at a distance; Marmion approaches the spot alone: but what befalls him there we are not immediately told, though afterwards a very unlikely story is made out. He returns, however, in a great fright to Fitz-Eustace, who perceives that both his lordship and his horse have been in the mire; and thus closes the third canto.

The fourth canto introduces the reader to the Scotish camp, which is assembled in the vicinity of Edinburgh. Lord Marmion in proceeding on his journey, is met by Sir David Lindesay, Lion king at arms, who is sent by James IV. to escort him to Edinburgh. The palmer, being now no longer useful, would fain depart, but Sir David forbids any one of the English train to separate; they proceed therefore onwards, till they arrive at *Crichton Castle*, where they sojourn for two days. While here, Sir David tells Lord Marmion that his mission will be fruitless, for that James was resolved upon war, adding that

a messenger from heaven
In vain to James had counsel given
Against the English war.

The appearance of this messenger from heaven is then described by Sir David; but as the circumstance appears to more advantage in the homely language of Pitscottie, than in Mr. Scott's poetry, we shall extract it from the former for the amusement of our readers:

"The king, seeing that France could get no support of him for that time, made a proclamation, full hastily, through all the realm of Scotland, both east and west, south and north, as well in the Isles as in the firm land, to all manner of man betwixt sixty and sixteen years, that they should be ready, within twenty days, to pass with him, with forty days victual, and to meet at the Burrow-muir of Edinburgh, and there to pass forward where he pleased. His proclamations were hastily obeyed, contrary the Council of Scotland's will; but

every man loved his prince so well, that they would, on no ways, disobey him; but every man caused make his proclamation so hastily, conform to the charge of the king's proclamation.

"The king came to Lithgow, where he happened to be for the time at the Council, very sad and dolorous, making his devotion to God, to send him good chance and fortune in his voyage. In this mean time, there came a man clad in a blue gown in at the kirk-door, and belted about him in a roll of linen cloth; a pair of brotikings* on his feet, to the great of his legs; with all other hose and clothes conform thereto; but he had nothing on his head, but syde† red yellow hair behind, and on his haffets‡ which wan down to his shoulders; but his forehead was bald and bare. He seemed to be a man of two-and-fifty years, with a great pike-staff in his hand, and came first forward among the lords, crying and speiring§ for the king, saying, he desired to speak with him. While, at the last, he came where the king was sitting in the desk at his prayers; but when he saw the king, he made him little reverence or salutation, but leaned down grofling on the desk before him, and said to him in this manner, as after follows: 'Sir king, my mother hath sent me to you, desiring you not to pass, at this time, where thou art purposed; for if thou does, thou wilt not fare well in thy journey, nor none that passeth with thee. Further, she bade thee mell|| with no woman, nor use their counsel, nor let them touch thy body, nor thou theirs; for, if thou do it, thou wilt be confounded and brought to shame.'

"By this man had spoken thir words unto the king's grace, the evening song was near done, and the king paused on thir words, studying to give him an answer; but, in the mean time, before the king's eyes, and in the presence of all the lords that were about him for the time, this man vanished away, and could no ways be seen nor comprehended, but vanished away as he had been a blink of the sun, or a whip of the whirlwind, and could no more be seen. I heard say, Sir David Lindesay, lyon-herauld, and John Inglis, the marshal, who were, at that time, young men, and special servants to the king's grace, were standing presently beside the king, who thought to have laid hands on this man, that they might have speired further tidings at him: but all for nought; they could not touch him; for he vanished away betwixt them, and was no more seen."

* Buskins. † Long. ‡ Checks.
§ Asking || Meddle.

Modern historians consider this as a device of the king's friends to deter him, if possible, from the rash enterprise.

Lord Marmion hears this narrative with attention, and declares, that before his entry into Scotland, he had placed no faith in supernatural appearances, but that since, events had happened which staggered his incredulity. He then relates his midnight adventure at the haunted spot; tells how fear almost prevented him from couching his spear right, to oppose the figure that appeared on horseback, at the sound of his bugle, and adds,

'Why need my tongue the issue tell?
We ran our course,—my charger fell;—
What could he 'gainst the shock of hell?
I rolled upon the plain.
High o'er my head, with threatening hand,
The spectre shook his naked brand,—
Yet did the worst remain;
My dazzled eyes I upward cast,—
Not opening hell itself could blast
Their sight, like what I saw.
Full on his face the moonbeam strook,—
A face could never be mistook!
I knew the stern vindictive look,
And held my breath for awe.
I saw the face of one who, fled
To foreign climes, has long been dead,—
I well believe the last;
For ne'er, from visor raised, did stare
A human warrior, with a glare
So grimly and so ghast.
Thrice o'er my head he shook the blade;
But when to good St. George I prayed,
(The first time I e'er asked his aid,)
He plung'd it in the sheath;
And, on his courser mounting light,
He seemed to vanish from my sight:
The moon-beam drooped, and deepest night
Sunk down upon the heath,—
'Twere long to tell what cause I have
To know his face that met me there,
Called by his hatred from the grave,
To cumber upper air:
Dead, or alive, good cause had he
To be my mortal enemy.'—

They now proceed on their journey towards Edinburgh, and with their near approach to that capital closes canto the fourth.

We mention the introduction to canto fifth merely to produce another specimen of Mr. Scott's laxity of rime:

She charm'd at once, and tam'd the heart,
Incomparable Britomarte!

A humourist might aptly parody these lines:

You make us smile, but please us not,
Ingenious Mr Scott!

The fifth canto is entitled "The Court;" but it opens with a description of Lord Marmion's passage through the Scotish camp. In the first stanza there is a piece of minute information that is ludicrous:

The train has left the hills of Braid,
The barrier guard have open made,
(So Lindesay bade) the pallisade, &c.

The description, however, of the various people that composed the Scotish army is vigorously written. The following will vouch for us:

Next Marmion marked the Celtic race,
Of different language, form, and face,
A various race of man;
Just then the chiefs their tribes arrayed,
And wild and garish semblance made,
The chequered trews, and belted plaid,
And varying notes the war-pipes brayed
To every varying clan:
Wild through their red or sable hair
Looked out their eyes, with savage stare,
On Marmion as he past;
Their legs, above the knee, were bare;
Their frame was sinewy, short, and spare,
And hardened to the blast;
Of taller race the chiefs they own
Were by the eagle's plumage known.
The hunted red-deer's undressed hide
Their hairy buskins well supplied;
The graceful bonnet decked their head:
Back from their shoulders hung the plaid;
A broad-sword of unwieldy length;
A dagger, proved for edge and strength;
A studded targe they wore,
And quivers, bows, and shafts,—but, O!
Short was the shaft, and weak the bow,
To that which England bore.
The Islesmen carried at their backs
The ancient Danish battle-axe.
They raised a wild and wondering cry,
As with his guide rode Marmion by.
Loud were their clamouring tongues, as when
The clanging sea-fowl leave the fen,
And, with their cries discordant mix'd,
Grumbled and yelled the pipes betwixt."

Lord Marmion is next introduced to King James at Holyrood house, where he is indulging in courtly pleasures. Lady Heron is there, a paramour of the king's, who being asked to sing, at length consents, and a ballad called *Lochinvar* appears, which is not without a certain degree of merit, but which contains another proof that Mr. Scott is not incapable of writing nonsense.

She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.

The senseless inanity of such lines can be but felt by parody. Let us therefore try another:

She looked down to eat, and she looked up to talk,
With a knife in her right hand, in her left hand a fork.

James now informs Lord Marmion that a herald has borne his defiance to England's king; and consequently that he may return back from his fruitless errand whenever he chooses. But, while these things are transacting, the abbess of St. Hilda, who was returning from the condemnation of the unhappy Constance, to Whitby, and with her, Clare, is taken by a Scotch vessel, and brought to Edinburgh: but as James did not make war with nuns, he orders them to be restored to their convent, and to return into England under the conduct of Lord Marmion! This was an unexpected calamity to the poor abbess and her nun; to be thus given up to the only man in the world whom they had cause to fear. Indeed Mr. Scott elegantly exclaims,

And judge what Clara must have felt!

The abbess, however, thinks that something may be done, and she places in the palmer's hands a written document, given by the unfortunate Constance, which denounces the false accusations of Marmion against De Wilton, and clears up the innocence of the latter. She confides this to the palmer's care, because she considers his person as sacred from violation, and therefore more likely to be safe. They meet at midnight upon the top of one of the houses in the High street of Edinburgh.

"At night in secret there they came
The Palmer and the holy dame.
The moon among the clouds rode high,
And all the city hum was by.
Upon the street, where late before
Did din of war and warriors roar,
You might have heard a pebble fall,

A beetle hum, a cricket sing,
An owlet flap his boding wing
On Giles steeple tall.
The antique buildings, climbing high,
Whose Gothic frontlets sought the sky,
Were here wrapt deep in shade;
There on their brows the moon-beam broke,
Through the faint wreaths of silvery smoke,
And on the casements played.
And other light was none to see,
Save torches gliding far,
Before some chieftain of degree,
Who left the royal revelry
To bowne him for the war.—
A solemn scene the abbess chose;
A solemn hour, her secret to disclose."

To this palmer she discloses the history of Clara, and gives to his charge the document that will attest the infamy of Marmion: but they are frightened from their discourse by a supernatural appearance. And here again we shall employ the language of Pitscottie; though we freely confess that Mr. Scott has worked up this incident with considerable poetic fancy and energy of diction.

"Yet all thir warnings and uncouth tidings, nor no good counsel, might stop the king, at this present, from his vain purpose, and wicked enterprize, but hasted him fast to Edinburgh, and there to make his provision and furnishing, in having forth of his army against the day appointed, that they should meet in the Burrow-muir of Edinburgh: that is to say, seven cannons that he had forth of the castle of Edinburgh, which were called the Seven Sisters, casten by Robert Borthwick, the master-gunner, with other small artillery, bullet, powder, and all manner of order, as the master-gunner could devise.

"In this mean time, when they were taking forth their artillery, and the king being in the Abbey for the time, there was a cry heard at the Market-cross of Edinburgh, at the hour of midnight, proclaiming as it had been a summons, which was named and called by the proclaimer thereof, The Summons of Plotcock; which desired all men to compear, both Earl and Lord, and Baron, and all honest gentlemen within the town (every man specified by his own name,) to compear, within the space of forty days, before his master, where it should happen him to appoint, and be for the time under the pain of disobedience. But whether this summons was proclaimed by vain persons, night-walkers, or drunken men, for their pastime, or if it was a spirit, I cannot tell truly; but it was shewn to me, that an indweller of the town, Mr. Richard Lawson, being evil-disposed, ganging in his gallery-stair foreanent the cross, hearing this voice proclaiming this summons, thought marvel what it should be, cried on his servant to bring him his purse; and when he had brought him it, he took out a crown, and east over the stair, saying, I appeal from that summons, judgment, and sentence thereof, and takes me all whole in the mercy of God, and Christ Jesus his son. Verily the author of this, that caused me write the manner of the summons, was a landed gentleman, who was at that time twenty years of age, and was in the town the time of the said summons; and thereafter, when the field was stricken, he swore to me, there was no man that escaped that was called in this summons, but that one man alone which made his protestation, and appealed from the said summons; but all the lave were perished in the field with the king."

This is thought to be by historians, like the vision at Linlithgow, an invention of those who were averse from the war. *Plotcock* signifies Pluto. In the fear which such an event would necessarily cause, the abbess misses the palmer from her side, but knows not when, or how, he went.

Meanwhile Marmion, under the guidance of the Earl of Angus, accompanied by Clara, the abbess, and the palmer, with the rest of his retinue, sets out on his return to England. They arrive at Tantallon Castle, the residence of Angus, having previously parted with the abbess and all her nuns, except Clara, at a convent. While here various accounts arrive of the progress of the hostile armies, prior to the fatal battle of Flodden, and Marmion, perceiving a coldness and want of courtesy in his host, resolves to take his departure: and thus closes canto the fifth.

The sixth and last canto is called the "Battle;" and Clara, at the commencement, is still a guest at Tantallon Castle. Walking one evening on the battlements of the castle, she beholds a heap of armour lying on the ground, and while she is contemplating this, *De Wilton* himself stands before her! Now comes the *denouement* of the romance, and a very awkward one it is. De Wilton proves to be the palmer, who had conducted Lord Marmion from Norham castle! In the combat between him and the lat-

ter, he was left on the field for dead, but it happened most conveniently that there was a little life remaining. When he came to himself, he found himself within his "ancient beadsman's shed:" he recovers; and journeys with this Austin (for that is his name) through various countries, disguised as a palmer. Austin at length dies; but makes De Wilton promise, that should he ever have Marmion in his power, to spare his life for his sake. De Wilton next travels to Scotland, and here, in the true spirit of a modern novel, he becomes the guide of his greatest foe. It was De Wilton in *propria persona*, who met Lord Marmion on the haunted ground, and unhorsed him; and forbore to sacrifice him to his wrongs, mindful of the promise Austin had exacted from him. But how he became informed of Marmion's intention of visiting the haunted spot at midnight, (for he communicated it to no one but Fitz-Eustace, and him he awoke out of his sleep to tell him of his design, and to bid him accompany him) we know not: the reader, however, may suppose any way he likes. When the abbess gave him the proofs of his own innocence, thinking him no other than a holy palmer, he resolved to justify himself in the eyes of the world; he communicates his whole history to the Earl of Angus, who, convinced of his wrongs, intends to dub him a knight, afresh, and he is accordingly watching his armour till midnight, according to the laws of chivalry, and like Don Quixote of old, when Clara so opportunely meets with him. This is all very common and very uninteresting.

In the fifth stanza of this canto, Mr. Scott is driven again, by the necessity of rime, to pure nonsense:

—"Oh! not corslet's ward
Not truth, as diamond pure and *hard*,
Could be thy manly bosom's guard," &c.

To the *purity* of truth we have nothing to object: but to its durity we have.

De Wilton resolves to join the English army, and reap new honours, and it is needless to add that he performs wonders in the field. All that is in course. Meanwhile Marmion takes his leave of Angus, and because the haughty Scot refuses to shake hands with him (having heard of his baseness towards De Wilton) they quarrel at the gate, and thanks to the speed of Marmion's horse, or the portcullis would have placed him in a like predicament with *Tam o Shanter's* mare:

Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind, her ain grey tail:
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

His lordship, however, gallops away, and Angus, after storming a little, on the wrong side of the portcullis, adopts the comfortable philosophy of sparing him whom he cannot injure.

But previously to this business, the inauguration of De Wilton takes place: and here Mr. Scott has again fallen into the ludicrous. He seems indeed to be unaccountably fond of large limb'd heroes. Describing the Earl of Angus, he says he looked like a giant Douglas, rising on the last day from the tomb,

"So pale his face, so huge his limb,
So old his arms, his look so grim!"

But this is dignified compared to the following. De Wilton having gone through all the ceremony of the installation, the bishop addresses him:

"Wilton, grieve not for thy woes,
Disgrace and trouble,
For he, who honor best bestows,
May give thee double."
De Wilton sobbed, for sob he must—
"Where'er I meet a Douglas, trust,
That Douglas is my brother."

How like the burthen of a halfpenny ballad is such unmeaning verbosity!

The rest of the narrative is easily anticipated. Marmion goes to battle, and is killed: De Wilton goes to battle, and does wonders. Marmion is brought out of the fight, wounded, and the following elegant and highly poetical colloquy takes place between two of his followers:

Young Blount his armour did unlace,
And, gazing on his ghastly face,
Said, "*By St. George he's gone!!*
That spear wound has our master sped;
And see, the deep cut on his head!
Good night to Marmion!!!"
"*Unnurtur'd Blount, thy brawling cease,*
He opens his eyes," *said Eustace,* "*peace!*"

Had Mr. Scott ambitiously laboured to produce a comic narrative, a sort of burlesque, he could scarcely have succeeded better. But, believing him to have no such intention, what shall we say to his mind, that could pen such lines, or to his taste, that could suffer them to pass into the world?

We have but little more to add. The reader can easily anticipate the conclusion: De Wilton, of course, marries Clara: but of the unfortunate Constance nothing more is said. The poem closes with a few lines from the author to the reader, which are very vapidly written.

We have allotted an unusual space to the consideration of this poem, because we thought that a deliberate and adequate review of its nature and merits might tend to establish the true basis of Mr. Scott's present popularity. We consider him as a pleasing and an amusing writer: but we will venture to prophecy, that *Marmion* (notwithstanding the vain manner in which Mr. Scott designates himself in one of his notes) will repose in humble obscurity, long before the present generation shall pass away.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

The Reproach.

TAKE back the heart with falsehood given;
The vows that never truth impressed;
Here I renounce that fancied heaven,
Love once had raised within my breast.

The ardent hope, the trembling sigh,
The joy that thrill'd thro' every vein;
The kindling cheek, the sparkling eye,
That laugh'd in bliss, or mourn'd in pain.

The tender mind that breath'd in thought,
That painted language on the face;
The kind regard, the glance that caught
From inward warmth its loveliest grace;

Are lost, are gone; nor can return;
Your fickle heart's no more the same;
The once-lov'd object *now* your spurn;
Revolving time has quench'd your flame.

But time nor place shall change the love
That in *my* bosom's core I bear;
Where'er I go, where'er I rove,
I'll watch the plant with fondest care.

And when that moment shall arrive,
Which bids my soul to heaven aspire,
The *name* of *her* for whom I live,
Shall with my closing breath expire.

W. M.

To Cynthia.

AH! why all unkind did I leave
Those beauties to languish and pine;
That heart in sad anguish to grieve,
Which affection still told me was mine?

Could I thus see thy pleasures expire,
Thy beauties, thy charms all decay?
Could I thus, to indulge fond desire,
From Cynthia e'er wander away?

Sad, pensive, a prey to despair,
Methinks I behold thee e'en now,
In tears seek relief from thy care,
And breathe forth in sighs all thy woe.

O! quick let the moment arrive,
When again I shall pant on thy breast;
When in thee all my joys shall revive,
In thy arms all my cares sink to rest.

W. M.

Sonnet.

AS now along this cool retreat I wind
My devious course, where erst have stray'd
Sweet Marianna's feet,—where oft she play'd
With me at eve, beneath these elms reclin'd,
Fond mem'ry kindles in my drooping mind
A new affection;—but, alas! the maid
Stern Death within the lonely tomb hath laid,
And left me here in wretchedness behind!
Yes! she was wont beneath this very tree,
On me to gaze with an enamour'd eye;
On this green hillock would she often lie,
And fill my soul with melting ecstasy!
But, ah! those pleasures are for ever fled,
For Marianna moulders with the dead!

Grafton-street, April 1808. J. G.

Sonnet to a Friend.

YOU little know the high delight I feel
In contemplation at the midnight hour,
When from the couch of Morpheus I steal,
To watch the stars in some sequester'd bow'r:
Or muse alone in some monastic tow'r,
Where wisdom doth her copious wealth reveal;
Or in the wood, where Philomel doth pour,
Those plaintive strains her bosom can't conceal:—
Such charms you know not, for you never felt
The soft emotions of a poet's soul;

Else am I conscious all your heart would melt,
And bless the Muse's wonderful control!
Ay! you must drink at the Castalian spring,
Ere Fancy mounts upon her fiery wing!
Grafton-street, April 1808. J. G.

THE COURTEOUS LODGING LETTER.

IN search of a lodging DICK wander'd along,
His eyes to the right and left rolling:
In hopes they might see some genteel looking bill,
Which might prove the *ne plus* of his strolling.

At length he beheld, wafer'd over a knocker,
A paper of longitude scant:
"A singil bak rome, for a singil yung man"--
Cries DICK, just the thing that I want!

He raps, is admitted: a spritely young girl
Comes forth his kind pleasure to know:
Trips smiling before him up three pair of stairs,
"The singil bak rome" for to shew.

DICK admir'd her white neck, her neat ankle, and shape,
Her eyes that beam'd love's kindling spirit:
Twin'd his arm round her waist, and jocosely exclaim'd,
"Are you, my dear girl, to let with it?"

She replied with a smile, most enchantingly sweet,
Where mirth, love, and wit held their throne:
"The room's to be let for a shilling a week,
But *I am to be let, Sir, alone.*"
May 7, 1808. QUIZ.

TO A GATHERED ROSE.

SWEET flow'r, that bloom'st in summer's time,
Whose breath perfumes the sultry air,
O who could pluck thee in thy prime,
So bright, so beautiful, so fair!

What if I find the parent tree,
Which brought thee forth, O flow'r forlorn?
Not one that's left can equal thee,
For some are wither'd, some unborn.

Like thine, sad Rose! was Julia's doom,
Who shone in beauty's charms most fair,
And in the zenith of her bloom,
The arm of death was doom'd to bear.

Were I to rove the world around,
'T would never be my lot to find
One with so much virtue crown'd,
With so much beauty too combin'd.

No—I must seek the realms above,
And every human right forego;
For the bright image of that love,
I never can redeem below!
Tilshead, Wiltshire WM. TUCKER.
Downs, May 1.

SONNET *to* SLEEP, *in a restless Night.*

COME gentle pow'r, that soothes the soul to rest,
And plunge me in thy temporary gloom,
Where nought the placid spirit can molest,
Save the bright visions wove in fancy's loom!

Oh, why delay, reluctant Sleep! to bring
Thy soothing influence, and assuage my pain?
To give my soul the balm that gems thy wing,
And let thy vot'ry hopeless still complain?

Say, can thy gloom no peace to him restore,
Who groans beneath affliction's torturing pow'r?
If not, thy presence I'll invoke no more,
To calm my breast in this tempestuous hour:

But still, by anguish taught, my tears shall flow,
'Till health return, or death shall end my woe!
Tilshead, Wiltshire WM. TUCKER.
Downs, May 3.

THEATRICAL RECORDER.

DRURY-LANE.

MONDAY, May 2. *The Heir at Law—The Minor.* Mr. Bannister took his benefit this evening, and as it seems to be an allowable thing, that an actor may do what he likes at such a time, so Mr. Bannister performed the part of *Dr. Pangloss.* There is, certainly, no part of human wisdom so truly beneficial as self-knowledge: as a due and fair estimation of our own powers: but in public characters, nothing is more frequent, than to find a strong ambition of universal talent; forgetful of their own peculiar excellence, they wish to intrude upon the province of others. Such was precisely the case this evening. Mr. Bannister is a comedian of very extensive and popular powers: but those powers have a limit, a truth of which we were never more sensible than on

this occasion. He seems to have an unaccountable predilection for Mr. Fawcett's characters: we remember, some years ago, he played *Caleb Quotem*, on his benefit night. But he is totally unfit for either: in fact, these two characters were drawn for the actor, and it may therefore easily be conceived why Mr. Fawcett should so peculiarly succeed in them. Mr. Bannister has neither the volubility, the pedantry, nor the humour of the former.

But on this evening he was not alone inferior. We never saw a play more indifferently represented, with the single exceptions of Mr. Johnstone, the original *Kenrick*, and of Mathews, who performed *Lord Duberly* with that uncommon excellence, which he so amply possesses. Mr. Russell, in *Dick Dowlas*, reminded us mournfully of poor Palmer: and, as usual, he indulged the audience with a few specimens of novel orthoepy, as *dissoloot* for *dissolute*, &c. Mr. De Camp, though a young man of very considerable abilities and much promise, performed *Zekiel Homespun*, without feeling, discrimination, or humour. Mrs. Jordan made her first appearance in *Cicely Homespun*, but we cannot say that she succeeded: it is not in the delineation of rustic and artless simplicity that she succeeds: but in exhibiting the union of villatic coarseness of manner with the arch shrewdness of an untutored mind. She did not, consequently, please us in *Cicely*, who is intended to be an artless, innocent, and kind-hearted country girl.

After the play succeeded *Sylvester Daggerwood*, and various songs: but we saw nothing that amused us so much as Mr. Braham coming forward to sing, with an opera-hat under his arm, and half boots and pantaloons on: it was such an agreeable mixture of right and wrong, as could not fail to "elevate and surprise."

Tuesday, May 3. *The Jew of Mogadore, (first time)—Fortune's Frolic.*—This opera is from the pen of Cumberland; from the pen of him whom Goldsmith dignified with the appellation of

> The Terence of England, the mender of hearts.

But the day of his genius is past; the lees only remain, and it is a melancholy thought, that necessity should compel him to proclaim the decay of his own powers. Speaking dispassionately, the *Jew of Mogadore* is an extremely dull, and an extremely flippant production. Cherry could not have written worse, and Dibdin might possibly write better. The language is weak and spiritless; the incidents are uninteresting; the characters are common. It is a second attempt to place the Jews in an amiable light: we applaud the motive, but condemn the execution. We sincerely hope that Mr. Cumberland may not be again compelled to endure the hisses of that public who have been, heretofore, delighted, and are still delighted, with the effusions of his pen. *Joana of Montfaucon*, the *Sailor's Daughter*, and the *Jew of Mogadore*, are convincing proofs that the period of his mental power is past.

The performers exerted themselves to the utmost. Braham sang two delightful airs; and Dowton performed the character of the Jew in a masterly manner. He seemed to feel that he was upholding the character of his friend and patron. The words of the songs were much superior to the common strain of such compositions: but the language was so dull, and the incidents so scanty and inartificially worked up, that it was not permitted to be announced for a second representation; though, *as usual*, the managers did not hesitate to use the gross falsehoods in the next day's bills, *of unbounded applause from all parts, &c.*

Monday, May 9. *The Wife of Two Husbands—The Hunter of the Alps.* This interesting drama was performed this evening, for the benefit of Mr. Braham. Mr. Siddons made his first appearance in *Count Belfior*, but played it much inferior to H. Johnstone, who, we remember, was the original representative. The extreme debility of this gentleman's voice renders its fruitless labour to listen to him, unless we happen to be in the stage-box. Mr. Braham performed *Theodore*, and introduced some new songs into the character. Palmer played *Fitz*, but in so despicable a manner, that he excited downright laughter in the most serious parts. Caulfield, who was the original *Fitz*, gave a great degree of

interest to the part: his tall, gaunt figure, combined with the hollow, sepulchral tone of his voice, were well calculated for such a character: but for Mr. Palmer, we should have been less displeased to see it performed by Mr. Maddocks.

Why has Mrs. Powell been kept so in the back ground this season? We hope for one reason only: the want of a tragic actor to support her; for Mr. Elliston seems, at length, to be gradually coming to a sense of his real powers. She played with great feeling and animation this evening: and we must do Mr. Braham the justice to say, that he surprised us by a very marked improvement in his elocution.

After the play, was given an *Harmonic Meeting*, in which Messrs. Braham, Smith, Gibbon, and Johnstone, sang: the latter a *song* about the *virtues* of the Prince! To this succeeded the *Hunter of the Alps*, and the audience could not complain of a deficiency of amusement.

Wednesday, May 11. *Honey Moon —Caractacus.* It was Mr. D'Egville's benefit this evening; and we notice it, merely to say that *Madame Catalani* made her appearance on the boards of this theatre. It will be needless to add, that such an event attracted a vast concourse of persons, and the lobbies presented such a scene as we never before witnessed, not even on the first appearance of Master Betty. A great number of persons left the house, after having paid for their admission; and a still greater number sat down quietly upon the stairs in patient expectation of seeing something in the course of the evening. When Madame Catalani appeared she was received with rapturous applause, and her wonderful powers excited the usual admiration. She sang, at the end of the second act of the play, a *new grand scena, a la pompa, in recititative and aria*, and at the end of the fourth act, *Hope told a flattering Tale, with variations.* In the latter she was astonishingly great.

After the play there was *La Fete Chinoise*, in which most of the dancers from the Opera House appeared.

COVENT GARDEN.

Friday, April 29. *Two Gentlemen of Verona—Who Wins?* We are not of the number of those who consider this play as unworthy of revival: on the contrary, we think it an interesting drama, and highly deserving of a regular station on the boards of our theatres. Whether it be Shakspeare's or not, is a question distinct from its interest in representation; and, for our own parts, we think the labour which Mr. Kemble has bestowed upon it to render it fit for a modern audience highly judicious, and most creditable to his taste and judgment. The character of *Valentine*, however, affords him but few opportunities for the display of his powers: yet, there are occasionally times where he rises to his accustomed elevation: and at all times, his dignity of manner and elegance of deportment confer such an indefinable grace upon the character as makes us forget its unimportance. Miss Smith played *Julia*, but indifferently. Munden and his dog were both so excellent, that we scarcely knew which to prefer.

Friday, May 6. *The Tempest—The Review; or, The Wags of Windsor.* We consider this as an infinitely less interesting play, in representation, than the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*; but, in the closet, as Shakspeare wrote it, should they be considered as productions of the same pen?

> Nel cerchio accolto,
> Mormorò potentissime parole.
> TASSO.

Dryden and others, with their patchwork, have infringed on the majesty of the bard of Avon, and produced a motley whole, which no real lover of Shakspeare can contemplate with acquiescence or approbation. Yet in this manner it is acted; though our judgments revolt against the infantile improbabilities of Hippolyto and Dorinda, and the resuscitation of the former. Apart, however, from the consideration of this mutation, the piece is got up in a manner that leaves nothing to wish. Mr. Kemble, in *Prospero*, gives dignity and interest to a part which the bad taste of Garrick transformed to an opera character, and consigned to a singer. His *witches* are still a watchword for commotion; but we observed, that on this night, the

approving voices predominated over the dissentient ones. That this division of the word into two syllables, in the plural, was sometimes practised by the early poets is true; and in the line of Shakspeare where it occurs in this play, it requires such a division to render the measure correct: those therefore who have attempted to ridicule Mr. Kemble, by supposing that he would say *tooth-ach-e*, or *head-ach-e*, show only their own ignorance of the motive and reason why, in this single instance, he makes it a dissyllabic word. Johnson seems to have regarded this division of it as usual, in poetry, for the sake of the measure: though in the second example, which he has quoted from Swift, it is a monosyllable:

A coming shower your shooting corns presage,
Old *aches* will throb, your hollow tooth will rage.

We remember also to have met, somewhere in Hudibras, with a couplet, in which this word terminates a line as a dissyllable in the plural, and which shews that the usage at least prevailed in his days. Butler might indeed be objected too as an authority, because of the known laxity of his rimes: but here he is called in only as an auxiliary.

The part of *Caliban* is such a wild and fantastic creation of the poet's brain, that scarcely can it be hoped an actor will ever be found to please a *reader* of Shakspeare in the performance of it. Mr. Emery, however, is not, we think, by any means correct in his conception of it: he wants energy and force to depict the horrid workings of the savage, when he trembles and deprecates the potency of *Prospero's* magic.

An apology was made for Mr. Munden this evening, who was to have played *Stephano:* his place was supplied by Mr. Treby! Mrs. C. Kemble acted with very considerable vivacity and humour in *Dorinda.*

Thursday, May 12. *King Henry the Fourth, (part the first)——Who Wins?* This is the first time that this bustling and animated play has been performed this season. It is one that keeps the attention awake from the first to the last scene; it has three prominent personages in it, in whose proceedings the spectator is equally interested: *Hotspur, Hal,* and last, not least, *Falstaff.* Of Mr. Kemble's performance of the first, we can speak only in terms of the most enthusiastic admiration. The fiery, the impetuous, the gallant *Hotspur,* was never more forcibly depicted: the fire of his eye bore testimony to the eager workings of his mind, and the hurried restlessness of his action bespoke the vehemence of his character. His delivery of the first speech, "My liege, I did deny no prisoners, &c." was masterly: but it was only a prelude to the continuous excellence of the ensuing scene, in which his endeavours to recollect the name of *Berkley Castle* were so natural, so impatient, so eager, so varied, that you fancied you beheld before you the very man whom the pen of Shakspeare had embodied. We consider, indeed, the *Hotspur* of Kemble as one of the perfect delineations of the modern stage. We wish we could say as much of Mr. Cooke's *Falstaff:* but there is a hardness in his manner, a want of richness and humour, which do not belong to him, "who was not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others." The range of this actor's powers is very limited: a truth he does not seem to be aware of. We object also to his pronouncing the word *gyves* with the hard *g.*

Mr. C. Kemble improves in his performance of the *Prince of Wales,* by giving it more ease and playfulness in the early part of the play: but surely it was a trip of the memory that suffered him to enunciate *lute,* as though it were spelled *loot.* Mr. Murray ranted less in *Henry* than he usually does, and therefore he played better.

Monday, May 16. *King Richard the Third—Harlequin & Mother Goose.* Mr. Cooke's performance of Richard is a most unequal performance. It cannot be denied that in particular parts he shines: and in those parts especially which require the expression of cunning, duplicity, and deliberate villainy. We could point out many passages which he delivered most felicitously: but his general manner does not please us. In the first place; for a tragedian, he has too little grace or dignity about him: in

the next, he studies his author too loosely: and in the last, his mode of delivery is extremely harsh and desultory, if we may so express ourselves. He makes all his commas, periods; and where the suspensive pause only should be used, he uses the conclusive one: he never rises by gradation, but abruptly starts forth, or falls back. In short, he speaks as though he remembered his speech piecemeal, and never anticipated a single line before its utterance: but this is both ungraceful and improper, and detracts greatly in our opinion from the general impression of his performance. In the tent scene and in the field, he appeared to great disadvantage, from the inelegance of his manner, having more the appearance of *Major Sturgeon* than of a king. We would hint also to this gentleman that his orthoepy is susceptible of much improvement: *nither* for *neither*, *conkered* for *conquered*, *cum multis alis*, are highly censurable.

Wednesday, May 18. *King Lear—The Day after the Wedding*; *or, A Wife's first Lesson—Raymond and Agnes.* It was Mr. C. Kemble's benefit this evening, and he could not have chosen a play more likely to attract a full house. His brother's performance of *Lear*, (being the first time these eight years) was as fine a piece of acting as we ever remember to have seen; nor do we reckon among the least of its beauties, that perfect semblance of palsied decrepitude which Mr. Kemble preserved throughout the whole character. He never once forgot it; in his most impassioned speeches, it was the energy of an old man: of age, so nicely imaged, that the mind could scarcely divert itself of the belief that it was nature, and not art that it beheld. The introverted toes, the tremulous voice, the tottering frame, the quivering hand, the unelastic step, all so combined as to preserve kingly dignity with it, reflect the highest lustre on Mr. Kemble's talents. In the firt act, where he fell upon his knees to implore curses on his ungrateful child, there was an awfulness, we may say a sublimity, of manner that seemed to electrify the house: the simultaneous burst of applause, and which continued for a considerable time, so that he was unable to proceed with the imprecation, was that sudden homage to what is truly great, which no sense of propriety can controul. For our own parts, we may say with truth, that a cold shudder crept through our frame at the moment, which was rather painful than pleasant. In the scenes where he is mad, and in the colloquy with *Edgar* sitting on the ground, we admired also the correctness of his conceptions; there was nothing that bespoke an exaggerated delineation. On the whole, we do consider Mr. Kemble's *Lear* as one of those characters in which he stands alone.

Mr. Cooke played *Kent* for the first time, and he played it very well: he gave great force to his bluntness and sincerity. Mr. C. Kemble also far surpassed our expectations in *Edgar*, and was deservedly applauded in many parts The new interlude of the *Day after the Wedding* was a spritely amusing trifle, and does credit to its author.

THE NEW PATENTS.

Mr. JOHN WILLIAMS's, for a Method of preserving the Equilibrium, and preventing all kinds of Carriages and Vehicles from overturning.

INSTEAD of putting each pair of the wheels of the carriage upon one and the same inflexible axis, or framing, having extreme parts answering the purposes of an inflexible axis, as is usually done, whereby the said wheels in each pair are made to preserve an unalterable position with regard to each other; Mr. W. substitutes in the place of each of the said inflexible axis or parts answering the purpose of the same, a pair of levers proceeding or projecting horizontally on each side, in opposite directions from the same part of the perch or middle bar, or framing made use of to connect the wheels of and belonging to the said carriage, and at right angles to the line of traction; and joins each of the said levers to or with the said perch or middle bar, or framing, made use of to connect the said wheels, by means of an hinge or any other strong or well made joint, of the nature of an hinge,

so fixed, and applied, that each of the said levers shall be allowed to move in a vertical circle, or up and down, but not at all sideways; and upon the extremities of the said levers, which are formed into pivots or points of the axle of the usual materials, he puts and secures his wheels. And further he supports the body of the carriage upon springs of any fit and suitable figure, by causing the said springs to bear or act upon the said levers, to which he does in some constructions affix the same; and in other constructions causes the said springs to act or play with one end not fastened or fixed, and in this last act connects the said body with the framing beneath, by means of an upright bolt, or pin, which leaves room for play or motion of the body up and down, to a greater or less degree as may be required, and of which play or motion the quantity may at pleasure be regulated, by an adjustment of the length of the said bolt or pin. He also applies other springs to support the fore and hind parts of the said body, by causing the said springs to bear upon the perch, or middle bar, or framing of the said carriage; but in four-wheeled carriages the said back and front springs are not required, but may be used if preferable. And he further observes, that the effect of the said levers, and the interposed springs, as hereinbefore described, is, that whenever an obstacle or cavity shall present itself, or be met with in the road, to or by any one of the said wheels, the said wheel will rise over or be depressed into the same, without producing the same disturbance in the equilibrium, or endangering the oversetting of the carriage in the same degree as would happen in like circumstances to carriages constructed without the use and application of the said invention.

Mr. JOHN WILKINSON'S, *for a new Method of making Pig or Cast Metal from the Ore, which, when manufactured into Bar-iron, will be found equal in quality to any that is imported from Russia or Sweden.*

THE invention consists in making use of manganese, or ores containing manganese, in addition to iron stone and other materials now used in making iron; and in certain proportions, to be varied by the nature of such iron stone, and other materials.

Mr. NEWMAN'S, *for his invention of a Cattle Mill for expressing the juice of the Sugar Cane.*

A A A represents a ring or circle of hard wood, stone, or cast-iron, either raised on arches or otherwise, or sunk below the surface of the ground, and commonly called in the West Indies a pit-mill, which is to be in the centre of the aforesaid ring or circle. B B represents a cog-wheel on the spindle of the mill; C represents a socket on the top of the spindle and precisely in the centre of it; D represents a gudgeon let down into the socket, and turning on a pivot and steel plate at the bottom of it; E represents a horizontal shaft or lever, firmly fixed as an axle in a heavy wheel F; this lever passes through an eye or ring in the gudgeon D, to the farther extremity of the cog-wheel B B, over which is the lantern wheel or pinion G, also firmly fixed on this end of the lever. H represents a pole, on each side of which one or more horses are harnessed, which pole has a collar, in which the lever turns; and thus, by this new construction, position, combination, and connection, of the axis in peritrochio, the lever or lantern-wheel or pinion put together like one solid and compact body, they all revolve together with two distinct motions; viz. a rotatory one on their own axis, and a progressive circumvolutionary one on the ring or circle, constantly acting upon and impelling the cog-wheel and spindle by their united powers and combined actions.

Mr. WILLIS'S, *for certain Improvements in the Tillage and Dressing of Land, and the Cultivation of Plants.*

THESE improvements consist principally in so managing the land in tillage, that in many cases, after producing a crop, it may be worked with great expedition, and capable of receiving another crop, by means of ploughs, &c. constructed in a peculiar manner. In an expeditious, and ultimately economical, method of manuring or dressing land, by which the manure is more equally distributed, and rendered more effective

than by the usual processes. In certain convenient modes of combining and conveying manures to be laid on land, or incorporated with soil. In the combination of any of the improvements in the culture of the same piece of land. The specification now before us, being much too long to admit of an abridgment suited to the limits of this publication, it will be sufficient to enumerate the leading features of the invention, if such it can be called, viz. an expeditious and economical mode of tillage:—A consequent disposition of the soil into alternate ridges and channels, by a peculiar management, preserved through various operations, which at once facilitates the cropping, prepares for subsequent improvements, and whilst it affords protection to the infant plants, secures the benefit of an advantageous fallow: the manuring or dressing land and plants by the medium of liquids introduced into such: the combination with liquids of the substances with which land is intended to be dressed. The patentee is aware that some objections may be urged against the several parts of his intended plan: these he anticipates, and undertakes to refute; and presuming that his invention will be eagerly adopted by those engaged in agricultural pursuits, he mentions the terms upon which he is willing that they may be benefited by it. These terms are 5s. per acre, per annum, if the whole improvements are adopted; or persons may use a part for half that sum. But labourers cultivating not more than 3 acres of land for their own advantage, will be permitted to make use of his invention without fee or reward.

TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED & ECONOMICAL SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE late meetings of this learned body have been occupied in reading an account of a shower of meteoric stones, at Weston, in North America. The following account, written by the Hon. Mr. Greville, is by far the best authenticated and precise. It states, in substance, that several imperfect and erroneous accounts of this phenomenon are in circulation, but that the present is the result of an investigation made on the ground when it happened. This actually occurred at Weston, in America, about a quarter or half-past six o'clock, A.M. on Monday, Dec. 14, 1807. The morning was rather cloudy; the clouds were dispersed in unequal masses; in some places thick and opaque; in others, light, fleecy, and transparent. The day had merely dawned, and there was little or no light except from the moon, which was just setting. Judge Wheeler was passing through the enclosure adjoining his house, with his eyes rather directed towards the ground, when a sudden flash, occasioned by the transition of a luminous body across the northern margin of a clear sky, illuminated every object, and caused him to look up, when he immediately discovered a globe of fire passing behind a cloud, apparently about one-half or two-thirds the diameter of the full moon. Its progress was not so rapid as that of common meteors or shooting stars; neither was the light emitted by it so intense as the lightning in a thunder storm, but rather more like what is called *heat* lightning. Its surface was apparently convex. There was no peculiar smell in the atmosphere; and from its first appearance to its total extinction, was about thirty seconds. About thirty or forty seconds after this, three loud and distinct reports, like those of a four-pounder, near at hand, were heard, successively occupying about a second for each. A rapid succession of reports less loud followed those so as to produce a continual rumbling like that of a cannon ball rolled over a floor. Some persons said it was like what, in military language, is termed a running fire; one person observed, that when the meteor disappeared, there were apparently three successive efforts, or leaps of the fire-ball, which grew more dim at every throe, and disappeared with the last of them. Three principal places are pointed out where the meteoric stones first referred to had fallen at the instant the cannon-like reports were heard. There was in every instance, immediately after the explosions had ceased, a loud whizzing, or roaring noise observed in the air; and in every instance im-

mediately after this, a sudden and abrupt noise, like that of a ponderous body striking the ground in its fall, was heard: excepting one, the stones were more or less broken. One of these stones, which fell near the house of Mr. Burr, struck against a granite rock, and left a stain of a deep lead colour. Another piece, found near Mr. Prince's house, in the neighbourhood of Weston, was buried in a hole about twelve inches in diameter; this stone was about thirty-five pounds in weight. It was to be lamented that, being afterwards broken, a piece of only twelve pounds weight was reserved. This was purchased by Isaac Bronson, Esq. of Greenfield, with the view of presenting it to some public institution. The common people, it should be observed, being strongly impressed with the idea that these stones contained gold and silver, subjected them to all the tortures of ancient Alchemy; and the goldsmith's crucible, the forge, and the blacksmith's anvil, were employed in vain to elicit treasure which existed only in imagination. Upon the estate of Mr. Elijah Seely, the stone that fell there was estimated at 200 pounds weight. This, however, was a deduction only made from the quantity of its fragments, which, when first found, were friable, being easily broken between the fingers; but being taken out of the moist earth and exposed to the air, they gradually became hard. The specimens of stone gathered from different places were so similar, that even a superficial observer could pronounce them different from any others commonly seen on this globe. The texture of the stones is granular and coarse, resembling some kinds of grit-stone. From a hasty analysis of this kind of stone, it appears to consist of *silex, iron, magnesia, nickel,* and *sulphur*; the two first constitute by far the greatest part; the third is much less in proportion than the others; the fourth still less, and the sulphur exists in a small, but indeterminate quantity. Most of the iron is in a perfectly metallic state; the whole stone attracts the magnet, and this instrument takes up a large proportion of it when pulverized. These specimens are also found to accord with stones that have fallen in India, France, and Scotland, and their composition is the same.

The earliest account of the fall of a stone of this nature is recorded at Einsisheim, in Upper Alsace. This occurred on the 7th of November, 1492. This substance, said to have weighed 260 pounds, was till lately preserved in the parish Einsisheim. In 1762, two stones fell at Verona. In 1790, a shower of them fell near Agenin, Guienne; and in April 1802, the same thing happened at L'Aigle. Some philosophers have supposed these stones to have been thrown from terrestrial comets; but this is an hypothesis which will by no means account for an appearance at Sienna in 1794; when stones descended not from a moving meteor, but from a luminous cloud. Some other philosophers have admitted the possibility of their being dropped from the moon; but admitting that bodies can be projected beyond the sphere of the moon's attraction, they must then move round the earth in one of the conic sections; in fine, the subject must remain involved in great difficulty, till more facts and more mature observations can be obtained.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

THE Right Reverend the Bishop of Carlisle, vice-president, being in the chair in one of the recent sittings, a paper from Dr. Smith was read, entitled "Characters of a new Genus of Moss, called Hookeria, containing eight species, &c." Some of these species are new, and others have ranked in the genus Hyprum; from which, however, they are now supposed to be clearly distinguished by their reticulated capsulas. These constitute an essential character of this new genus, but which accord with the other, in the remaining characteristics. Dr. Smith has named this after Mr. W. Jackson Hooker, of Norwich, F.L.S. a young naturalist of great promise, the discoverer of Buxbaumia, aphylla, and author of a work on the Jungermannæ, which is nearly ready for publication.

On the 19th of April, the president read a communication of his own, on a new genus of lilaceous plants, which he has called, Brodæ, in honour of

Mr. Brodie, who has so much improved the Botany of Scotland. A letter read from Peter Collinson to Linnaus related a remarkable instance of hybrid fruit on an apple-tree, produced by the proximity of a tree bearing another kind. The president mentioned a similar fact which had come under his own observation at Norwich: a peach and nectarine tree grew close together, and bore sometimes peaches, sometimes nectarines, and at other times a fruit partly resembling each of them.

WERNERIAN NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

PROFESSOR Jamieson has lately read an account of a method of constructing and colouring mineralogical maps. These maps shew distinctly the figure of the cliffs, terraces, acclivities and summits of single mountains, and also the characters of mountain-ranges, and mountain-groupes; and the colouring exhibits a true and harmonious representation of the alternation, extent, and relative position of the different rocks that appear at the surface. The professor at the same time read a series of mineralogical queries, in order to direct the attention of mineralogists to a great variety of objects.

BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.

TWO lectures have been delivered by Mr. Arthur Young, being the first ever delivered on this subject in England. They will speedily be published. At a late meeting, Sir John Sinclair exhibited specimens of preserved potatoes, which, after a voyage to New South Wales and back again, were as good as at first. The mode of preserving them is to slice them, and bake the slices on iron plates, or on a kiln; they then assume a horny appearance, but may be reduced to flour, by any of the means used to pulverize grain of any kind. Sir John Sinclair also introduced specimens of cordage made from long coarse wool instead of hemp; these, in some respects, appeared superior to hempen cords. The Board of Agriculture proceeds with increased zeal and activity in the preparation of the county reports.

The survey of Invernessshire by Dr. Robertson, of Callandar, will contain a topographical description of the different districts and principal houses, specifying the propriety of establishing villages for improving the fisheries and the woollen-manufactures, as a great fund of subsistence, employment, and wealth to the people, and as an effectual prevention of emigration.

LONDON ARCHITECTURAL SOCIETY.

THE London Society of Architects have recently published their first volume of Transactions, and intend to present the public with an annual selection from the labours of its members. The first volume contains four papers: the first by Mr. Edmund Aikin, on Modern Architecture, or that stile of building which arose from an imitation of the remains of Roman antiquity, and revived with the fine arts in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and that finally, but gradually prevailed over the Gothic style. This work contains a short historical view of architecture, beginning with that of Greece and ending with that of the middle ages. The other parts review the Saxon and the Norman architecture, and from thence descends down to villas and cottages, not forgetting the portico and artificial accompaniments of villas, and naturally and characteristically ending with *dilapidations*.

THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY.

AMONG the laudable objects to which the Society has paid considerable attention, is the cultivation and encouragement of Gaelic Literature and Celtic Antiquities; and with this view the Society is about to establish a *Regius Professorship* of Celtic Literature in the University of Edinburgh, to which the *Senatus Academicus* has given its consent. Hitherto the Society has chiefly directed its attention to the general amelioration of the Highlands; but it is in contemplation to act on a more extensive scale, and to comprehend the whole of Scotland within the sphere of its useful action. And, should the funds of the Society keep pace with that laudable zeal and spirit for the promotion of public good with which it is at present actuated, of which no doubt can be entertained, the High-

land Society of Scotland, which owes its origin to mere whim, bids fair to out-rival all the Societies of Great Britain. There is hardly any person who bears the name of a Gentleman in Scotland, who is not ambitious of becoming a Member of this Society; and the greatest honour, perhaps, that Scotland can confer on an Englishman, or a Foreigner of Distinction, is to make him an Honorary Member. And it appears, the London Society, from some Resolutions which it has lately adopted, not disdaining to copy the example of its offspring, is about to pursue the same path of public and national utility. A *Caledonian Asylum* for the reception and education of a certain number of Boys and Girls, the children of Highland Soldiers, and Seamen or Marines, who have served his Majesty for a certain number of years, or who were rendered incapable of serving from wounds, or who had fallen in battle; and a Gaelic Chapel, where Divine Service is to be performed in the Celtic or Erse Language every Sunday, are by these resolutions proposed to be established under the auspices of the London Highland Society.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MR. DAVY has delivered four other lectures: the second, in the order of the course, was intended to illustrate the nature and laws of electrical attraction and repulsion. In a crowded room it is wholly impossible to perform experiments in electricity so as to give a general satisfaction: for disappointment on this head Mr. Davy prepared his audience, as also for the want of interest which might be expected in a discourse on first principles. He began by observing, that every change in bodies was the result of motion; that motion implied a cause, a first mover; that there was in truth no automatic machine in nature, that all was of Divine origin. He shewed the excitement of electricity by heat, and explained the theories of Dufay and Franklin. He illustrated the nature of electrical attraction and repulsion by some very beautiful and striking experiments: explained the construction and uses of the electrometer, as invented by Bennett and Colomb; and of one made by himself, which was of too delicate a contrivance to admit of being used with effect in a public lecture. He offered reasons why the intensity of the electrical power diminished as the squares of the distances from the electrified body were encreased:—he then explained the difference between conductors and non-conductors, observing, that every body in nature might be classed either with conductors, imperfect conductors, or non-conductors, and enumerated some of the principal bodies that ranked with each class. Metals and charcoal were the most perfect conductors:—in comparing water with alcohol, he said the former was 60 times a better conductor of the electric fluid than the latter: to prove the truth of this, he made an experiment with two bent tubes, one filled with water, the other with alcohol: and according to the times which these took silently to discharge the jar, was their excellence as conductors to be estimated. In the course of the lecture he exhibited a galvanic battery, on a large scale, and shewed the mode of fusing metallic wires by its means. He then explained the nature of muscular excitement in a prepared dead frog, shewing that the same animal might be excited by common electricity several successive times, as well as by the galvanic trough. Mr. Davy commenced his third lecture by noticing the effects of heat on bodies, as not only enlarging their dimensions, but likewise their electrical energy. He considered the air in its different states of dry, heated, and moist; described the structure of, and all the curious electrical phenomena belonging to Tourmelin. He repeated a number of experiments to shew the nature of electrical attraction and repulsion; explained the difference in operation of common electricity from galvanism; the effects of the one taking place at a distance from the electrified body, but those of the other are visible only when in or nearly in contact. The professor then exhibited some experiments on the galvanic battery, the force of which instantly fused iron wire, and deflagrated charcoal in water; he then explained in what way the power of galvanism was encreased, viz. that the intensity encreased with the number

of plates, but that the quantity was in proportion to the surface. He then went into the subject of meteorology as dependent on electricity, and shewed by drawings the nature and appearances of thunder clouds, and how the reverberation of the sounds from thunder was to be accounted for, which was not from distant buildings, &c. as commonly supposed, but from the difficulty which it had in passing through the air, and owing to which the sound declined in proportion to the body of air through which it goes. He then explained all the phenomena of lightning, how it struck and damaged buildings, and descanted upon the great importance of pointed conductors, as one of the grandest discoveries of modern times. Mr. Davy then anticipated the time when the elective fluid, like fire and steam, might be brought under the management of man, and made, like those agents, subservient to his wants. In speaking of the phenomena usually denominated falling stars, he denied that they were the effects of electric fluid, because lightning was instantaneous, but that these were noticed during succeeding times. He therefore seemed willing to infer that they were falling stones.

VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.

IN the course of next month will be published, a supplementary volume of Birds to Barr's edition of Buffon's Natural History. The proprietors of that work have engaged a literary gentleman to collect all that has been discovered in ornithology of an interesting nature since the death of the illustrious Buffon, and for that purpose procured the splendid edition of his works lately published by Sonnini in 114 volumes. From this has been selected every article of importance or of curiosity from the additions of Sonnini and J. J. Virey. Several new plates of rare birds will accompany the volume, the contents of which will bring down the era of discovery in this interesting branch of natural history to the present day.

Mr. Mayne, author of the poem of *Glasgow*, has in the press, and will publish, in the course of the month, the *Siller Gun*, a poem in four cantos, founded on an ancient custom of shooting for a silver gun, first given as a prize to the best marksman among the corporations of Dumfries. The poem will be illustrated by notes and a glossary.

The Royal College of Surgeons have adjudged the Jacksonian Prize for 1807 to John Hyslop, esq. of Fenchurch-street, for the best Dissertation on "Diseases of the Eye, and its appendages, and the treatment of them." The same gentleman obtained the prize from the College in 1805, for the best treatise on "Injuries of the Head, from external Violence."

Mr. Renny, author of the work intitled "A Demonstration of the Necessity of Free Trade to the East Indies," has now in the press another performance on the State of the East India Company, which will speedily be published.

Mr. Samuel Roole has nearly completed a translation of the select works of Anthony Van Lewenhoek, from the original Greek and Latin editions, which will make two volumes in 4to.

Mr. Cumberland's novel, John de Lancaster will soon be forthcoming. This work he announced in his memoirs in the following words—"I have also planned, and in great part finished, one more novel, upon which I have bestowed much time and care, anxious to leave something behind me which may instruct the scholar as well as the idler; something which gravity may read without contempt, and modesty without a blush; a work of fancy, that may prove I have not quite exhausted my capacity, nor quite abandoned my endeavours to instruct."

Mr. C. Lucas, author of the Infernal Quixote, has a novel in hand, entitled the Abyssinian Reformer, or, the Bible and Sceptre. This will make three volumes.

Sir John Carr's new Tour in Scot-

land will speedily be published: it will form one handsome volume in 4to. with highly-finished plates from drawings by the author.

Mr. Robert Bakewell, of Wakefield, is preparing a work, the chief object of which is to prove the possibility of improving the value and quality of clothing wool, by the most simple and easy means, hitherto neglected only through ignorance of the real structure and nature of wool, and the effects which difference of soil and climate produce on the growing fleece.

Mr. Richard Walker, of Oxford, intends to publish Experiments and Observations on the Production of Artificial Cold; a new edition, considerably enlarged.

The second part of Hints to the Public and the Legislature on the Nature and Effects of Evangelical Preaching, by a Barrister, is in a state of great forwardness. Report ascribes this work to the able and learned author of the Critical and Miscellaneous Remarks upon Blackstone's Commentaries.

The Medical Lyceum of Philadelphia have offered a gold medal, of the value of 50 dollars, to the author of the best English Essay on the Question —"Does the human body possess the power of absorbing substances applied to its surface?" The essay must be delivered in before the 1st of January, 1809.

Mr. Walsh Wilson has in the press the History and Antiquities of Dissenting Churches, Chapels, and Meeting Houses in and about London, including a chronological series of Ministers at each place, with biographical anecdotes of their lives and characters. The work has engaged his attention for many years, and is to be accompanied with portraits from original paintings.

The Under Graduates of Trinity College, Cambridge, not being allowed the privilege of contributing to the monument of the late Rev. Tho. Jones, have raised a subscription among themselves for engraving an elegant portrait of their late tutor.

The Committee for managing the association for the discovery of the interior of Africa has engaged another traveller in their service, viz. a person now in this country, highly accomplished for such a purpose, possessed of a strong and vigorous constitution, great ardour in the pursuit of knowledge, a temper ready to submit to any privations, &c. to which the prejudices of the Africans may possibly expose him. Of course, great expectations are formed of his success.

To prevent thunder from affecting liquor, &c. it is recommended to put a common iron nail, about three inches long, into each cask, previously to a thunder-storm. At a brewery, a horse-shoe, or any other piece of iron, may be thrown into the tun.

A gentleman in Forfarshire recommends the following as an approved receipt for making gooseberry wine, which has often been mistaken for a foreign wine of a fine quality, viz. to every Scotch pint of full ripe gooseberries mashed, put an equal quantity of water, milk-warm, in which has been previously dissolved a pound of single refined sugar: the whole is then to be well stirred, and the tub covered up with a blanket, to preserve the heat generated by the fermentation of the ingredients. After three days the liquor may be first strained through a sieve, then through a coarse cloth. The time of fermentation in the cask is from ten days to three weeks, at the end of which two or three bottles of brandy or whiskey is put into the cask. To make the best kind sherry should be used, with a quarter of an ounce of isinglass dissolved in water. These ingredients must be added to the cask before it is bunged up.

As many farms are infested with adders, the writer of the following receipt conceived he should be usefully employed in pointing out a remedy, which he had four times successfully applied to a pointer, stung by one of these venomous reptiles. It is his custom to procure as many adders as possible in the month of May, and deprive them of their fat, which is to be simmered over the fire to extract the oil, which at that period they yield in great plenty. When the adder stings any animal or person, the swelled parts should be opened with a phleam, to discharge the corrupted blood, and the wound afterwards moistened several times with the viper's oil, till the swellings

begin to decrease. After this, any other healing medicine or ointment may be applied.

The following is recommended as an excellent mode for improving pathways bordering the turnpike-roads, viz. to lay the scrapings of roads in a straight line under the banks and hedges, instead of suffering them to remain an irregular rude mass, by which means a causeway would be formed in the course of two or three seasons for the accommodation of foot passengers. This causeway always to be kept on the same side of the road. The neat raised walk from Calne to Chippenham, in Wiltshire, is mentioned as an example of this kind: and it is further suggested, that scrapers formed in the segment of a circle, would clean roads more effectually than the straight ones universally adopted.

A natural remedy for human eyes in a state of irritation or inflammation, viz. The eyes being kept over a vessel filled with hot water, will imbibe a plentiful portion of the subtle, yet simple aqueous particles, which will supply the place of the natural secretions, when they are defective, and dilute those which have become acrid from concentration. Two or three applications will give relief, and half a dozen will generally effect a cure.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—We rejoice to find that the Exhibition for the year is distinguished above every other by the variety of its character. There is not the monotony of which we have had occasion to complain. The many exhibitions, and particularly that of the British Institution, though upon the whole they may not be auspicious to the cultivation of a chaste and correct style of art, have certainly had the merit of stimulating the painters to undertake subjects of history, and to go beyond the mere study of portrait. The mischief of those glaring exhibitions is, that it forces the artists to have recourse to glitter. Nothing will stand the test of competition with glowing roses and crimson robes, but an excessive warmth of colouring, and therefore we see a meretricious style is daily getting ground, and threatening serious injury to all true taste. We are drawn to this observation by the circumstance (which we also lament) of all the pictures and drawings of this flashy and brilliant surface, being the only ones that have found ready purchasers at the different exhibitions—a thing which is not very creditable to the connoisseurs, who call themselves the patrons of the English school.

In this exhibition of the Royal Academy we can boast of no giant, no young Apelles, but the appearance of the Great Room is striking, from its variety, and many of the subjects are deserving of high praise. We lament the absence of our best painter, Mr. Hoppner, who does not exhibit this year; and we look in vain for the vigour of another Opie.

Mr. Bacon, the sculptor, has closed his exhibition of his equestrian statue of William III. in bronze, for St. James's Square: it will therefore very soon be removed from his house in Newman-street, to occupy the place intended.

France.

M. Curadau, professor of chemistry, has lately read a memoir to the French National Institute, in which he has demonstrated that oxygen is one of the component parts of soap; that to this principle oxygenated oils, or those which easily oxygenate, owe their property of making the best soap. He has also pointed out a simple process, by which the making of soap may be accelerated and improved.

The *Pyrosoma Atlanticum* is thus described by M. Peron, in his late voyage to the Isle of France. It is well known that some animals possess very peculiar phosphorescent qualities. The light of the glow-worm is universally notorious, but the Pyrosoma Atlanticum has not been described by naturalists. M. Peron observed this animal in between the 3d and 4th degrees of North latitude. Its luminous property renders it one of the most splendid of all known zoophites, and its organization ranks it among the most singular. The darkness was intense when it was first discovered, the wind blew with violence, and the progress of the vessel was rapid. All at once there appeared, at some distance as it were, a vast sheet of phosphorus

floating upon the waves before the vessel. The ship having passed through this brilliant part, the crew discovered that the prodigious light was occasioned by an immense number of small animals which swarm at different depths, and appeared to assume various forms. Those which were deepest looked like red hot cannon balls, whilst those on the surface resembled tubes of red hot iron. Some of them were soon caught, and they were found to vary in size from three to seven inches. All the exterior surface of the animal was bristled with thick oblong tubercles, shining like so many diamonds; and these seemed to be the principal seat of its wonderful phosphorescence. In the inside also there appeared a multitude of little oblong narrow glands, which possessed the phosphoric property in a high degree. The colour of these animals, when at rest, is an opal yellow, mixed with green; but on the slightest motion, on spontaneous contraction, the animal becomes, instantly, like red hot iron, and of a most brilliant splendour. As it loses phosphorescence, it passes successively through a number of tints which are extremely pleasing, such as red, orange, green, and azure blue; this last shade is particularly lively and pure.

THE NEW IMPERIAL UNIVERSITY.—This establishment, which has been confirmed by a decree of the 17th ult. is by some persons supposed as calculated to effect a counter-revolution in favour of regal and church establishments, and to be as powerful an engine under the *new* dynasty, as the system of the Jesuits was under the *old*. Impartiality induces us to state the objections to the plan of the Imperial University, though we believe the charges are prematurely brought forward. The great structure which is now formed operates by connecting all the schools and academies, or colleges, of France together, under the title of *The University*, under the authority and government of which, every establishment for education of every description is brought. The decree comprises 144 articles, and forms a minutely elaborate and well-organised system. Our confined limits do not allow us to examine, or even state this establishment in the detail of its organization, and we are under the necessity of confining our observations upon it to its general features, its bearings upon civil liberty, and the marks it carries of the mind of its founder, as influenced by his liberal or illiberal habits.

The first chapter, "*The general organization of the University*," may be given entire.

"Article 1. Public instruction, throughout the whole empire, is confided exclusively to the University.

"2. No school, or establishment for instruction of any kind, may be formed out of the Imperial University, and without the authority of its head.

"3. No one can open a school, or teach publicly, without being a Member of the Imperial University, and graduated by one of its faculties. Nevertheless, instruction in the seminaries is dependant upon the Archbishops and Bishops, each in his diocese. They appoint and dismiss the directors and professors. They are merely bound to conform to the rules for the seminaries, approved by us.

"4. The Imperial University shall be composed of as many academies as there are Courts of Appeal.

"5. The schools belonging to each academy shall be arranged in the following order:—1. The *Faculties*, for the more profound sciences, and the conferring of degrees. 2. The *Lyceums*, for the ancient languages, history, rhetoric, logic, and the elements of the mathematical and natural sciences. 3. The *Colleges*, (secondary schools of the Communes) for the elements of the ancient languages, the first principles of history, and the sciences. 4. *(Les Institutions)* viz. Schools kept by private masters, in which the instruction approaches that of the colleges. 5. *Boarding Schools (Pensions)* also belonging to private masters, and devoted to studies less severe than those of the *Institutions*. 6. The lower schools, or primary schools, where reading, writing, and the first rules of arithmetic are taught."

Respecting this organization it is said, there is one remark which cannot fail to obtrude itself even upon the most careless reader, and which will painfully impress those who still flatter

themselves that the immense misery which the revolution occasioned, may be compensated by some advantages for succeeding races: It is this, that the education of the rising race, is monopolised by the State. All the benefits resulting from the free exercise of individual judgment are destroyed. The generous and laudable conflict of emulation, the expansion of mind arising from freedom, is repressed; and all that the Legislator can do, is done, to introduce a slavish uniformity of opinion, whose pernicious tendency has been recognized by all liberal minds in this country. Lest this should not be apparent, we remind the reader, that by the existing laws of France, it is a *criminal offence* for any school-master to use in his school any book, though but a grammar, a spelling-book, or primer, which has not been sanctioned by the sign manual of the Emperor.

As confirming this statement, we add the 5th Chapter. *Of the Basis of Instruction in the Schools of the University.*

Art. 38.—"All the schools of the Imperial University take as the basis of their instruction, 1. The precepts of the Catholic Religion; 2. Fidelity to the Emperor, to the imperial monarchy, the depository of the felicity of nations, (*du bonheur des peuples*, in the plural number) and to the Napoleon dynasty, as the preserver of the unity of France, and of all the *liberal ideas* (!!) proclaimed by the constitutions. 3. Obedience to the statutes of the instructing body, whose object is *uniformity of instruction*, and which tend to form for the state citizens attached to their religion, their prince, their country, and their family. 4. All the professors of theology are bound to conform to the provisions of the edict of 1682, concerning the four propositions contained in the declaration of the clergy of France of the same year.

But to return to some other particulars of this imperial establishment. Though universities originated in France, they have for many years been declining in that country; being in their nature better suited to the administration of little independent Princes, who were emulous of the honour of promoting literature, as in Germany, than to the government of a large kingdom. Hence, while the Universities of Germany have been the means of dispersing all the learning and science of that great collection of states, the colleges of France were scarcely heard of; they became little more than grammar-schools for larger boys. Academical titles too were not frequent, nor much respected. Now, however, Bonaparte has resolved to outdo even Germany in the number of his graduates.

Chap. 2.—*Of the Faculties.*—They are increased to the number of five. 1. Theology; 2. Law; 3. Medicine; 4. The Mathematical and Physical Sciences; 5. Literature, *(Lettres)*. These two latter faculties are great innovations on the ancient scholastic establishments, far out-doing the anomalous degree of Doctor of Music, at Oxford. Doubtless the sciences and literature should give high honour to the professors of them, in a certain degree; but the line between vulgar attainment, and what is properly *learning*, is not easy to be drawn in these departments.

The Bishops and Archbishops present the D.D.'s to the Grand Master of the University. There are as many theological faculties as there are metropolitan churches; and there will be one at Strasburg and one at Geneva, for the Calvinists, *pour la religion reformée.*

There are to be twelve faculties for law, and five for medicine. At Paris, the faculty of the sciences will consist of an union of the professors of the great establishments there, viz. *Le College de France, L'Ecole Polytechnique, Le Muséum et Histoire Naturelle, Les Lycées.* The faculty of letters is composed in a similar manner.

Chap. 3.—*Of the Degrees.*—In each faculty there are Bachelors, Licenciates, and Doctors. It is sufficient to notice the qualifications for a Doctor's hat. The Doctor of Literature must support two theses, one on rhetoric and logic, the other on ancient literature; and, singularly enough, the former only must be in Latin. The Doctor of Sciences must support two theses, at his option, on topics of mechanics and astronomy, or chemistry, or natural history, in one of its three branches. The degrees in Law and Medicine remain according to exist-

ing regulations. A Doctor in Divinity must be *twenty* years old at least, and have maintained several theses, one in Latin. Very minute regulations are made concerning the rank and titles of the Officers of the University.

The 6th Chap. "On the obligations contracted by the Members of the University," contains several provisions establishing the absolute authority of the Government over all the professors, tutors, and functionaries of the Universities, for such only appear to be designated by the term *Member*. They, to use the terms of the law, "promise obedience to the Grand Master in all that he shall command them for our service, and for the benefit of instruction." They are prohibited leaving the instructing body *(le corps enseignant)* and their functions, without his permission (which, on certain terms, he is obliged to grant). They are subject to the regulations of a kind of correctional censorship, in which, it is remarkable that the same sort of discipline which is applied to the students of our Universities is here employed towards the masters. They may be suspended in their functions, that is *rusticated*, and their names may be struck off the University roll: this latter punishment brings with it the incapacity of being employed in any public administration; and they can accept no public or private employment for which a salary is received, without the authenticated permission of the Grand Master. Finally,

Art. 46. The Members of the University will be bound to inform the Grand Master and his officers of whatever may come to their knowledge in the Establishments of Public Instruction, which is contrary to the doctrines and principles of the Instructing Body."

The Grand Master nominates of course to all the high offices of the University, and is himself nominated by, and removable at the will of, the Emperor. Among other acts of prerogative, he may remove the Principals of the Colleges and Professors of the Lyceums from one academy to another (as is done here to *excisemen*), taking the advice of three members of the Council; and he also fixes the regulations for the different schools. He is assisted by a Council of 30 members. Each academy has its Rector and Council.

The greater part of the laws respect the several details of their formation, which have no general interest. Many of their regulations are good and useful; and certainly as far as the establishment of the University may contribute to the extension of any education to the lower classes, it may be viewed with pleasure. Unfortunately, this part is the most vague and indeterminate: we see no provision for securing to all, the inestimable attainments of reading and writing.—800,000 livres are assigned for the support of the University, besides the fees on taking degrees, examinations, &c. in the academies, and a twentieth of the sum paid by every scholar for his education, in every school of the empire.

Holland.

When Mr. Pratt published his Gleanings in 1794, he observed, that a traveller in Holland would see every eye so busy, every foot so hard at work, and every head so full, that catching the spirit of the objects before him, he would think it as good and as natural for man to be in motion as at rest. But a late traveller says, "an indolent person would now find many a companion in traversing the streets of Amsterdam. Fortunately for the Dutch, it was looked upon as shameful behaviour, if a person lived up to his income, and did not lay by a little every year, for his old age, his wife, or children. By this practice, which was almost without exception, the inhabitants of Holland have been able to endure adversity and the loss of trade much longer than any other nation. Notwithstanding the considerable sums they have been obliged to pay to the French, and the great capitals they have lost at sea, it is surprising that no national bankruptcy has yet taken place."

Persia.

The late Sir W. Jones, it has been recently asserted, was much delighted with a Persian work, which he perused in manuscript, and thought it threw great light on the original history of the human race. A part of this work, which is called *Dabestan*, may be found in the Asiatic Miscellany, trans-

lated by Mr. Gladwin of Calcutta; but this has only excited a greater desire for the whole, which, as a learned orientalist has asserted, contains many interesting particulars, relative not only to Hindoos and Parses, but also to Jews and Christians; and a very beautiful translation into Persian of some passages of the Hebrew Scriptures. A complete version, therefore, of the Dabestan into Hebrew or Latin, is a literary desideratum.

Russia.

A late statistic account of this vast empire makes it appear, that its inhabitants constitute at least 80 separate nations, who differ essentially as well in their primary origin as in customs and language. Such an extraordinary number, united in one political body, may justly challenge the whole world to produce a parallel. The Jews and Gipsies are not included, among a number of other erratic individuals, who find a home every where.

MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

CAPTAIN THOMAS MORRIS, who died lately at his apartments, in Mary-street, Fitzroy-square, in the 74th year of his age, was a man of a highly cultivated mind. He was born in the environs of London, where his father passed the evening of a well spent life, on an income sufficient, through economy, to enable him to educate his children in those arts that elevate and embellish human nature.

Mr. Morris, having exhibited a very early passion for reading, his father was resolved that a disposition so congenial to his own, should not want for cultivation, and he accordingly placed him under a gentleman of known taste and classical learning. Young Morris, in the course of a few years, could not only translate the writers of Greece and Rome, but comment upon them also. As his father wished to supply his want of fortune by putting him into some honourable pursuit, he availed himself of the partiality of a maternal uncle, a military man, who soon procured for his nephew an ensigncy, rightly judging the army the best field for the natural gaiety of his disposition.

Having been sent upon a recruiting party to Bridgwater, Somersetshire, he there married a Miss Chubb, a beautiful and accomplished woman, by whom he had several children. Unfortunately they lost their mother, while the eldest was but young. Mr. Morris having afterwards been promoted to the rank of Captain, went with his regiment to America, and was engaged in several conflicts with the French and Indians, in each of which he displayed that courage and resources of mind which often succeeded where bravery and numbers alone would have been of no avail. Capt. Morris was once made prisoner by the Indians, and condemned to die at the stake; at the instant when the women and children were preparing to inflict those tortures upon him which are even shocking to relate, his former humanity to an old Indian Sachem, whose life he had saved, pleaded in his behalf; and this old man, happening to be present, snatched him from impending death. He was unbound, and permitted to return to his friends, who had given him up for lost. But, notwithstanding all the trials and hardships which Captain Morris underwent while he was among the North American Indians, he was so attached to them and their rude way of life, that he used often to declare they were the only race worthy of the name of MEN.

On his return from America to England, he gave himself up entirely to literature and the conversation of a few learned and enlightened friends. In this list the Rev. David Williams, the translator of Voltaire, and the founder and advocate of that laudable institution, the *Literary Fund*, was not the last in his estimation. It may be supposed, that a mind so eminently qualified for enjoying the charms of philosophic converse, would be fully gratified; yet, in the midst of this "feast of reason and flow of soul," he has been known to steal a sigh for the rude, but grand imagery of nature in America, and to have listened in thought to the dashing cataracts of Columbia, and the wild murmurs of the rivers that roll there through mountains, woods, and desarts. Hav-

ing met with some disappointment, that his philosophy, which was no small portion, was still insufficient to support, he sought for a spot in the neighbourhood of London, where he might pass the rest of his days in retirement. This he at length found out, in a nursery garden, belonging to a Mr. Bowel, in Paddington. This was a small cottage, in which he sat down to compare Mr. Pope's translation of Homer with the original, in which he was assisted by Mr. George Dyer, a gentleman well qualified for so pleasing a task. In this pursuit he passed some years, which he declared to a friend were the happiest in his life.

He had translated Juvenal into English, and enriched it with many notes; but he could never be prevailed upon to publish it. He was also the author of a little poem, called *Zuaski*, or the *Coal-black Maid*, published some years ago: the scene is in the West Indies, and the story highly pathetic. While in America, also, he collected a number of curious and interesting materials for the natural and civil history of that country. Towards the close of his life, his temper was frequently pettish, and he seemed to have a touch of the misanthrope in his composition; this, however, was only a transient shade. His property, which is handsome, devolves to his children of course.

Account of the Life and Character of the late WILLIAM BARRON, *A. M. F. R. S. Edinburgh, and Professor of Belles Lettres and Logic in the University of St. Andrews.*

THE history of the lives of literary men has in general been represented as destitute of those topics which ought to attract the notice of the biographer. Although there may be some degree of boldness in questioning the validity of a position which has met with universal consent, we are nevertheless disposed to think that it rests on no solid foundation. If the biographer propose to himself no other object than to trace the hero of his tale through dangers and difficulties, and to present a lively picture of striking incidents and adventures, the lives of most literary men will afford him but few materials for such an undertaking. But biography consists neither in formal narration, nor splendid description. A tedious and minute chronicle of events and transactions, which made up the life of any individual, would not alone give us a knowledge of his character. A dull representation of artificial manners, or a record of the childish gossipings of eminent men, may gratify vanity or curiosity, but they can add little to the theory of the human constitution: these are at best but secondary objects of attention. The biographer should exhibit the man divested, as much as possible, of the unnatural and superficial colouring which he derives from the ever-changing customs and forms of society. He should present a philosophical analysis of character; an accurate view of the mind of the individual, elucidated and explained by a reference to those events of his life which had any influence in modifying his opinions, in directing his exertions, or in determining the nature and extent of his enjoyments.

Discussions of this kind unquestionably embrace by far the most important part of the labour of the biographer. A comprehensive and well constructed theory of the character of any individual is always interesting, and none perhaps is more so than that of a literary man. A person who devotes himself to study has not eradicated the common feelings of his nature. Though much of his time may be spent in solitary contemplation, yet he is not dead to the affairs of the world. The motives and principles which regulate the determinations of other men, have not lost their power over him. The rank, therefore, which he should hold in the estimation of society, can never be ascertained by the bare inspection of a record of his studies and his works, while we exclude every thing which was descriptive of him as a moral agent, or bury the remembrance of his good or bad qualities in a pompous catalogue of doubtful virtues.

In the present instance various reasons prevent us from carrying these views fully into execution. In the short notice, however, which follows, several facts and observations will be found illustrative of the character of a

man who had some claims to be remembered by posterity.

William Barron was born in 1735, at a small farm in the parish of Corstorphine, named *Kershall*, which was at that time rented by his father. He received the greatest part of his education at Edinburgh, where he devoted himself to the study of theology. We are not so well acquainted with his early habits and propensities, as to be able to trace with accuracy the progress of his improvement, and the development of his intellectual faculties. We know, however, that his father could not afford him much pecuniary aid, and that early difficulties and obstacles called forth his powers, and habituated him to those exertions of industry and perseverance, to which alone he was to trust for his future consequence and success in the world. He applied with uncommon assiduity to the study of ancient literature and philosophy, and transferred the information derived from these sources to facilitate the acquirement of the different branches of modern science. Among these, Mathematics and Natural Philosophy attracted much of his attention, and formed part of his course of study for many years. His labours while at the University distinguished him among his fellow-students, and procured for him the respect and friendship of several of the most eminent of the professors.

The first literary enterprise in which he was engaged was as the *redacteur* of the journals of Mr. Bell of Antermony, who travelled in the years 1715 and 1719, from Petersburgh to various parts of Asia. In composing this work from the materials afforded him by Mr. Bell, he had no great opportunity of displaying his own talents. The manner, however, in which he executed it, fully justified the opinion entertained of him by his friends, and by those who recommended him to the task. The first edition of this work was published in 1761. Subsequent geographical discoveries have confirmed the information originally acquired by Mr. Bell, while the very valuable intelligence which he communicates concerning the interior of Asia, has assumed unusual importance from the extraordinary events of the present time.

We are not exactly certain at what time Mr. Barron received his licence to preach the Gospel, nor when he was first ordained a minister: we know, however, what is of infinitely more importance, that he was not very fortunate in any of his parochial charges, and that the experience which he obtained of the life of a country clergyman, by no means increased his attachment to that profession. His first settlement took place at Wamfrey; from thence he went to Whitburn. In both these places he had frequent cause to lament the pernicious effects of those doctrines which had poisoned the minds of his parishioners, by accustoming them to look upon religion as a subject of speculation and controversy, without reference to their conduct as members of society. The consequences of such opinions he always deplored, as they necessarily involve the comfort or the character of the clergyman, by forcing him either to maintain an endless struggle with ignorance and folly, or at once to resign all hopes of being useful, debase his talents, disgrace his profession, and sink into an unworthy and precarious popularity, by making a compromise with truth, and administering to the prejudices of his hearers. Mr. Barron uniformly withstood this corruption, and to a torrent of misguided zeal, and the fanatical fury of bigotted enthusiasm, opposed the dignity of a virtuous and upright mind, and with an ardent and manly eloquence boldly taught that active benevolence and integrity in this world were alone compatible with the glory and happiness of heaven.

The leisure which was left to him after performing his ministerial functions, he devoted to the improvement of his own mind, and the advancement of science. Agricultural pursuits occupied a good deal of his attention, and in 1774 he published an "Essay on the Mechanical Principles of the Plough;" but his principal labours consisted in researches concerning the government and policy of ancient nations, with a view to illustrate the doctrines of political science. With this intention he published, in 1777, a work entitled, "History of the Colonization of the Free States of Antiquity, applied to the present contest between Great Britain and her

American Colonies." When he was a clergyman he also composed his "History of the Political Connection between Great Britain and Ireland," which was published about the year 1780, soon after he went to St. Andrews. It is likewise proper to mention that he wrote an "Account of the Life of Thomson," which was prefixed to an edition of his Seasons printed at Edinburgh. He also was a regular contributor to a literary magazine, which was established at that place about the time that he resided there, and occasionally furnished articles for some of the reviews published in London.

The integrity with which he discharged his duties in private life, and the proofs which he had given of learning and talents, enabled him to rank among his intimates and friends many of the most eminent literary characters of his country, and procured for him flattering marks of respect from many of those who had distinguished themselves in the most exalted departments of political life.

The circumstances connected with his appointment to the situation which he held in St. Andrews were certainly honourable to himself, and evince at least the sentiments which were entertained of him by those who are chiefly instrumental to the success, and consequently ought to be best calculated to judge of the claims of literary men. He was nominated Professor of Rhetoric and Logic in that university totally without his knowledge. For this mark of distinction he was indebted to Lord Suffolk, (at that time one of the Secretaries of State) who on various occasions had expressed it to be his "fixed intention to take the first opportunity of recommending Mr. Barron to some mark of his majesty's favour, and that merely on the ground of literary merit." Several reasons, however, induced Mr. B. to hesitate before he accepted this appointment, chiefly because it would force him to give up the living which he possessed, without materially contributing to his promotion or bettering his circumstances. Lord Suffolk was not aware at that time that the professorship was incompatible with the situation which he held as a clergyman; as a compensation, however, for the loss of which, his Majesty many years afterwards, was pleased to confer upon him a pension of 100*l.* per annum.

When Mr. Barron went to St. Andrews, he carried with him a considerable share of literary reputation, and the extent of his knowledge and the vigour of his intellect promised still further to increase his fame. Zealous in performing the duties to which he had been called, he commenced his academical career with an ardour which for a considerable time had a manifest influence on the acquirements and pursuits of his pupils. He faithfully executed what was required of him as a lecturer, and attempted at the same time to establish a new class for composition and elocution, as a practical continuation of the one which he taught. In doing so he wished to carry on the improvement of his pupils in writing their own language, by prescribing to them subjects for essays and orations, and to habituate them to the practice of public speaking and elocution. We need not pursue this plan through all its details: no one could be better calculated for answering the purposes for which it was intended, nor for establishing and promoting the advancement of his students. But St. Andrews, it should seem, was not the place where any such plans for enlarging the mind, or exciting liberal inquiry, were to meet with much encouragement. His establishment seconded by all the exertions of his friends, could only maintain a doubtful existence for one or two sessions. It received no countenance from his colleagues, and as most of the students are bursars, and consequently under the controul of the masters, it soon perished.

We would willingly examine with some degree of minuteness, the history of Mr. Barron's academical life, as it would afford opportunity for introducing many interesting speculations concerning his character and happiness, and throw light upon the theory of education, by tending to ascertain the claims of St. Andrews as a place for the instruction of youth. At present we must be exceedingly brief on all these topics. We must be permitted to observe, however, that a small town with a society coin-

posed chiefly of individuals, whose actions and opinions fluctuate with the tide and currents which are generated by the petty politics of university factions, is neither well calculated for the improvement of our moral or intellectual faculties. A constant warfare among the contending interests, who seem to dispense the honours and emoluments of academical preferment, not as the rewards of superior attainments, not as incitements to study and exertion, but as engines to perpetuate the power and maintain the superiority of a party, must be hostile to science, if not subversive of the most valuable principles of our nature. No man who is not the humble servant of occasion, is well suited for a society of this kind, as he must either surrender some portion of his integrity, or forego much of his enjoyment in life. His best directed efforts to introduce a more liberal policy, his most persevering struggles to support the fading interests of philosophy, must ultimately be overpowered, and his consequence in the eyes of his associates will probably be diminished, in proportion to the extent and sincerity of his previous exertions.

A strong physical constitution and unremitting attention to study, put Mr. B. for a long time beyond the influence of causes of this kind. He carried on his investigations with success, and looked forward with satisfaction to that day when he should enjoy the sweets of his toil, and secure to himself a lasting and wide extended reputation, equally removed from the attacks of calumny and envy. But for several years before his death things began to assume a very different aspect. From his inordinate application to literary pursuits, his digestive organ had become very much impaired. Disorders of this kind never fail to commit dreadful havoc on the happiness of those who possess any degree of sensibility; this consequence, however, always disappears when the bodily affections are removed. But if you increase their power by conjoining with them that "race of ills which humankind raise up among themselves," the horrid offspring of malevolence and slander, the result is highly deplorable, as the causes are beyond the reach of the exertions of any individual. The lamentations and sorrows of a virtuous character are beheld with derision and contempt, and those who occasion his sufferings and his pains treat them as visionary, or, with equal wisdom and humanity, ascribe them to the creative powers of a diseased imagination: such was nearly the state of Mr. Barron for several years before his death. The sympathies of his family were insufficient to support him under the causes by which he was depressed. His fairest prospects were blasted, his happiness was destroyed, and his literary character in some measure sacrificed to forward the views of a vicious and interested policy.

On the 25th of Dec. 1803, the symptoms of a disorder with which he had been some time affected, began to assume an alarming appearance, and put a period to his existence in less than three days.

We must now conclude this notice by simply stating, that nearly twenty years of the time that he lived at St. Andrews, were dedicated to the composition of a "History of the Government, Situation, and Philosophy of Rome." This work and his "Lectures" he had determined soon to submit to the press. The latter have already been in the hands of the public for two years.

STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE courts of France and Spain have been transferred to Bayonne. On that spot are the eyes of Europe now fixed, and there the sovereign of France sits arbiter on the destinies of Spain. What a contrast to the scenes of former times! when the ancestor of the royal competitors for the crown left Paris to take possession of the throne of Spain, and seat the Bourbon dynasty in the Escurial! The Bourbons are now suing to a Corsican—to a man whose ancestors were not known in the time of Louis XIV.—they are suing to him to determine which is to be a king; he is to decide between the father and the son, and his word will be the law.

Whether he will condescend to let a Bourbon reign, or if he does, which he will choose, time must determine. The real fact is, that whichever again assumes the title of king, it is of little consequence, for neither will enjoy in future real kingly power; that is now vested in Bonaparte, and the nominal king of Spain will in fact be only the deputy of the French emperor.

At the court of Bonaparte, at Bayonne, are not only the old king and queen of Spain, with their son (the new king), but also the late fallen minister the Prince of the Peace; all three important personages at the present time, and all three to be made use of by the puissant emperor as occasion may require. It was expected that Bonaparte would have gone to Madrid to settle the difference, but he prefers the safer situation for a time, and his armies are arranging matters, if necessary for his presence.

The points in dispute between the two kings are the nature of the abdication of the father, and the right of the son to assume the reins of government. If the abdication was an act of force and violence, the right of the younger must fall to the ground, and the discussion on these cases may be prolonged by Bonaparte at will. What the Prince of the Peace has to do there it is not easy to determine. If the rights of sovereigns can be tried by an emperor, the right or the crimes of a subject are cognizable only by his own lord, and his fate will depend on that of his master. If the old king is restored, he will return, but his unpopularity is such, that this measure will scarcely be adopted. His abdication will probably be deemed valid, and the young king's claim will not soon be settled. It is said, however, that the latter has expressed a degree of contrition for his conduct, and it is even asserted that he has resigned his crown. Nothing is improbable in this case. Both father and son are weak men, both incapable of ruling a nation in troublesome times.

Disturbances have prevailed in Madrid, and risen to such an height as to require vigorous exertions on the part of the French. Blood has been shed on both sides, but the Spaniards were brought into order.—Without a head, without any person in whom they can confide, what can the people do? Despotism never sees its folly till too late. This is sufficiently exemplified in the two great kingdoms of France and Spain. The Bourbon family, in two of its branches, had the possession of these kingdoms, and they obtained the great object of their ambition—absolute rule, without the intervention of the constitutional authorities, so wisely placed under them in France; the assembly of the three estates in Spain, the Cortez. What did the Bourbon family gain by this conquest over their own subjects? the disgust of the middle ranks, and an apathy to their interests, except in those who were paid to support them. The destruction of the family was brought about by different modes in the two kingdoms: in the one by the people themselves rising against their sovereign, in the other by the people sitting tamely by, whilst a foreign army was taking possession of the kingdom. Despots will not learn by these examples, but continue in the usual progress, they will exasperate the people till they turn with rage or indignation against their masters, or they will so break their spirits, that it is indifferent to them who is their master. Thus Providence teaches mankind, that government is of high import, and that they who will not study its duties merit to be hurled from their thrones, and to be made an example to the world. We may extend our pity to suffering individuals, but for the sake of a few, the interests of the many are not to be sacrificed.

It is a curious question whether Bonaparte will now go to Madrid. He will not do it unless he has secured the country completely by his troops. At present the Spanish army must be completely weakened, the officers scarcely knowing of whom they hold their commissions. Many reforms must take place in the kingdom, and those will proceed as a boon from the French emperor, not from a Spanish monarch. The enlightened mind of the former will know how to turn every thing to his own advantage, and it will not be difficult for him to appear in the light of a benefactor. Nothing has as yet transpired of his

intentions, and it is probable that every thing has been determined upon at Bayonne, before it is read in the Privy Council of Spain. Very probably Gibraltar will be an object of his military plans, and if we can keep the French and Spanish forces employed, as we did in a preceding war, it may be some satisfaction to us, that his entry into Spain has not met with complete success.

In Portugal every thing follows his will. The late reigning family had no interest in the minds of the bulk of their subjects, and their departure is not regretted but by those whose property is in danger from the rapacity of the French. These persons are daily endeavouring to get away, and thus affording new pretexts for plunder to the ruling powers. Very severe edicts have been issued, and great care is taken to prevent a correspondence with our fleets. The scarcity of provisions is, however, by no means of that nature as was at first represented. Some articles are dear, but the country is very far from being under any apprehension of famine. Our accounts, however, from the interior of that country are so scanty, that its real state is hardly to be ascertained.

From the South of Europe our attention is called to the North, and the King of Sweden claims the respect due to his spirit of chivalry. He has manfully thrown down the gauntlet to his two great antagonists, Russia and Denmark, and as yet the French troops have not assailed him. It is to be hoped that our squadrons will be able to prevent a landing of the French in Sweden, and also, by cruising in the Baltic, to prevent a Russian armament from convoying its troops over the gulph of Bothnia. As yet the war has been to the disadvantage of the King of Sweden. The Russians may be said to be at this moment masters of Finland; they have taken Sweaborg, the Gibraltar of the North, and with this important fortress have possessed themselves of great quantities of naval and military stores, and the Swedish flotilla in the harbour of Sweabourg. This is a sad blow to the king; for his army in Finland must now either retreat, or be supported by a considerable army from Sweden. If it retreats, the Russians will place themselves in security in the ports on the east of the gulph of Bothnia, ready to transport themselves into Sweden, and attack the north, whilst the French are invading the south of that kingdom. If the Finland army should be reinforced, then the strength of the interior of Sweden will be diminished, and great danger is to be apprehended from the Danes and French.

It is most probable that Finland is left to its fate, and the next accounts will be, that the greatest part of the Swedish army in Finland has shared the fate of the fortress of Sweaborg. Still Sweden is not conquered. The news of the loss of this fortress has not damped the ardour of the chivalrous king. On receiving the news, he immediately broke the commanding officer and all the officers in council with him, who had not protested against the convention. We do not imagine that this is the best way to reinvigorate his army. He might have stopped till a court-martial had been holden on the conduct of the officers, and their guilt had been completely ascertained. General Whitelocke was not dismissed from the service till after a trial; and we should have thought it very strange if the Duke of York had been cashiered, when he saved himself and army by his articles of convention with a French general.

In the convention at Sweaborg a very extraordinary article has been introduced, and evidently with the design of bringing the conduct of the English at Copenhagen into contempt. The article runs thus—"The flotilla shall be restored to Sweden, according to the particular return made thereof, after the conclusion of peace, in case that England should also restore to Denmark the fleet which she took last year." Now there seems to be no analogy between the two cases. Russia, by fair war, and after a declaration of war, takes a fortress and a flotilla; England, without a declaration of war, and in time of professed peace and amity, seizes the fleet of its friend, and sets on fire his capital. There is no comparison in the values of the fleet and the flotilla, and it is evident this article can be introduced

with a view only of acting upon the minds of the Swedish nation, and particularly upon that part of it which holds our conduct at Copenhagen in indignation. This is to shew, that the war is not so much with the Swedish nation as the Swedish king, and that the ground of it is his adherence to the cause of England. If the French can make a landing in Sweden, they will avail themselves of similar artifices, and the chivalrous king must be as much upon his guard against the treachery of his own subjects as the sword of his enemy.

How far the attack upon Norway has succeeded we cannot tell. It is astonishing how imperfect our accounts are from the countries which are still open to us. But we cannot conceive that the King of Sweden will derive any great advantage from this attack. If it requires many troops, they will be carried too far from home at the time they are most needed. As we have sent off a grand expedition, if it is directed to the south of his kingdom, it may with our fleet be very efficacious to his relief, and Bonaparte may wait another summer before he receives dispatches from Bernadotte, dated at Stockholm. Indeed, if we consider the state of the two countries, Sweden and Denmark, and our superiority at sea, it seems impossible that the French should be able to land an army in Sweden, without very great mismanagement. The next report will set us at ease on this head, and then Sweden has to fear only the attack of Russia, an attack which it is completely competent to ward off, unless the king has lost the confidence of his subjects. Many of the Swedes are far from being satisfied with the inroads made on their constitution in late reigns.

The east of Europe promises some scenes of warfare before the summer is over. The Porte, it is said, has broken with the French, refusing to comply with their request to be permitted to pass an army through the Turkish dominions to attack us in India. Constantinople has given a sufficient lesson to its possessors to beware of such friends. The Franks were some ages ago permitted to enter its vicinity in their way to the Holy Land, and they returned the compliment by taking possession of the town. If their successors, the French, had a similar permission, we should dread a similar fate for the Turkish metropolis. But whether the French are permitted or not to pass by this road, the fall of Constantinople seems to be near at hand. This will be a good pretext for the French, and as soon as Bonaparte has settled matters in Spain and Portugal, he will avail himself of it to make a division of the Turkish dominions in Europe.

In this case little difficulty is to be apprehended. The moment the French enter Greece, they will find the native Greeks prepared to receive them, and the Turks, divided among themselves, able to make very little resistance. As they approach the capital, the strength of the Turks will be more concentrated, but the united strength of Austria and France must overpower them. Constantinople will again become an European capital, and the activity and energy of the French will give new life to the desponding Greeks. Degraded for so many years by abject slavery and a most wretched superstition, they may still revive, and the Turks themselves, leaving the fooleries of their Koran, may become capable of better civilisation. No one can tell to what extent the effects of the French revolution will reach, but if this diversion is made by the Turks, it will save for some time longer our possessions in India from an attack, which threatens a complete overthrow of our power in the east.

Europe presents us with falling thrones. One sovereign seems to have chosen a better part than the rest, and by quitting a kingdom in which he could only have been the viceroy of Bonaparte, he has made his escape to a great continent, where with common prudence, he may lay the foundation of an empire, that may in splendour outshine hereafter that of the conqueror of Europe. The news is confirmed, that the Prince Regent of Portugal is the acknowledged sovereign of the Brazils. He has established his court, and been received with acclamations by the natives, who are pleased with being now members of an independent kingdom. The sovereign has begun his reign by

forming a new order of merit, the Order of Fidelity, which is bestowed on the followers of his fortunes. The English are to be the favored nation in the commerce of this new kingdom, and they will establish there probably factories similar to those in Portugal. If they follow the same plan which was pursued by the English merchants in Portugal, their trade will be both honourable and profitable, for such was the character of the English merchant in Portugal, that the highest nobility were proud of visiting him, and receiving him at their tables. The laws or rather customs of the factories forbid the entrance of that vulgar and sordid mind, which is frequently a disgrace to persons engaged in trade, who, thinking only of one end, neglect too much those qualities which render life desirable and man respectable. An English merchant in Portugal was generally a man of some education, a man who had travelled in different countries, and who could speak several languages: his mind was thus freed from many vulgar prejudices, and he knew so to adapt himself to the customs of a country in which the inhabitants believed him to be a heretic, that, though they all doomed him to the lower regions after his death, they loved and esteemed him whilst living.

In confidence of the establishment of the prince in the Brazils, vast orders have been executed in this country for the new empire. The houses of the Portuguese ambassador, consul, and principal merchants, have been illuminated. Regulations have been made to secure the property of the Brazilians and loyal Portuguese taken upon the seas. In short, there is every reason to believe, that a solid friendship will be established for the benefit of both countries. Madeira, and the other islands of which we have taken possession, are given up to the Brazilian sovereign, and in a short time we may expect to see the Brazilian flag floating upon the Atlantic. The new sovereign will begin his course most probably by forming an army, and attacking his neighbours, and we may expect to hear of wars and battles to the south of La Plata and the west of the Andes.

Whether it is a good or a bad fortune our readers must determine for themselves, but so it has happened, that the Nuncio of the Pope, who was following the Prince of the Brazils, has been brought to and is now in England. This may enable the Prince to take some measures for the religious establishment of his new kingdom, and if he is wise enough to avail himself of the experience of past times, to see the folly of letting a kingdom be over-run by lazy, idle, persecuting priests and friars, he may introduce toleration into his new kingdom, and with it industry, liberality, and civilisation. We must wait some time before we can learn the spirit of his new government. The Brazils are almost a new world to us. The spirit of the English will soon penetrate into the interior of this new kingdom, and we shall know its state. The Brazilians, we are informed, are not so contemptible a race as the priest-ridden natives of Portugal.

The Americans continue their embargo, but the prospect of a rupture between us and them is, we are happy to say, growing daily more and more remote. There is work enough for us and our manufacturers, and trade with the United States and the Brazils, if we could but content ourselves with the easy mode of enriching this country; and it might be sufficient comfort for us to think, that if we were entirely excluded from the continent of Europe, sufficient space is open for our exertions as long as we can keep the command of the seas. Before the summer is over, the usual intercourse of trade will be opened between us and the United States. Domingo is favouring us, and we are there likely to have an extensive trade. In short, there is reason to believe, that if we never had again an ambassador on the continent of Europe, nor suffered a soldier to be embarked, or a subsidy to be paid to any sovereign for its deliverance, we should be a happier people.

At home not many things have excited much attention. The landed interest has been roused by an attempt to introduce the distillery of spirits from sugar instead of barley, and many absurd arguments have been battled about upon this occasion. They are afraid, it seems, that they

shall not be able to sell their barley, if the barley spirit distillery is stopped, but they make no allowances for the West India planters, who claim only a fair thing, if they would be contented with the permission to distil spirit from sugar, without excluding the use of barley. In fact, we see no reason why any part of the soil of England should be appropriated to the produce of spirits, and if the distillery from barley of English growth was prohibited altogether, the country would receive no detriment; that land would be employed in culture more beneficial.

In the religious world a circumstance has taken place which has excited no small degree of astonishment. The venerable clergyman, Mr. Stone, has appeared and defended himself against his prosecutors; and it really was a curious sight to see the venerable pastor, upwards of seventy years of age, badgered by three doctors, the oldest much his junior, and not one of them attempting to refute, or being capable of refuting his arguments. We have already mentioned the grounds of this extraordinary prosecution, which, we supposed, had been carried on by some private persons, with more zeal than knowledge; but to our great astonishment, we learned that it was a state prosecution, the proctor-general, in whose name it was conducted, being only the agent of the king and lords in council assembled. By which administration it was begun, whether the present or the last, we cannot tell: but we have been informed that it was begun by the last administration, and left as a legacy to the present administration; or rather, as it had been ordered by a privy council of the late administration, the present administration can claim no merit, nor suffer any disgrace from the results of the cause: the attack on the old man must be laid entirely to the charge of the late administration; they must enjoy the triumph, or share in the disgrace, which the liberal and enlightened part of the community will conceive to belong to the renewal of the antiquated act of Queen Elizabeth.

The prosecution was for preaching doctrine contrary to that of the thirty-nine articles. The venerable defendant urged, in a speech of two hours, that he had preached agreeably to his vow at ordination, what he had learned from God's word, in a course of study for upwards of fifty years; and he gave his reasons from that word, for the doctrine he had maintained. The zeal, and animation, and knowledge, which pervaded this discourse, had a great effect on the by-standers, who could not but sympathise with the old man, worn out by the exertions of the day. Three doctors then attacked him, one after another: one in a very rude and offensive manner, which can do him no credit, and was not wanting for his cause. The whole drift of their argument was, that the thirty-nine articles said one thing, and the reverend defendant another: but not one of them attempted to reply to the cogent arguments which the defendant had produced in defence of his opinions. The judge then summed up the evidence of the preaching and publication, and declared that, by both, the defendant had broken the statute of Queen Elizabeth, and gave him a week to revoke his error, threatening him with the deprivation of his living, if he did not comply with these terms.

At the expiration of the week an immense concourse assembled at Doctors Commons, where Mr. Stone appeared, and gave in a paper, declaring that he was not aware of this act in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and that he had conceived himself to be justified by his ordination vow, in preaching as he had done; but he would not offend against the act in like manner in future. The counsel for the prosecution would not allow this to be the revocation which the act required: and one of them was so unfeeling as to tell the poor old man, that he should now lose his benefice; and if he offended in like manner again, the law was, that he should be confined for three years in jail, without the benefit of bail or mainprise.

Mr. Stone, in reply to these gentlemen, observed, that he believed the holy scripture to contain all the doctrine and instruction necessary to salvation through faith in Jesus Christ; that if any other principle was set up, the church of England was as bad as the church of Rome: and, if she claimed

infallibility, it was pope against pope. If they or any other man would point out to him an error, and convict him of it on scriptural grounds, he would gladly thank him, and revoke that error instantly. The council insisted, that the law had pointed out the error, and he must revoke it, or receive the sentence of the law. The court declared now that he had not complied with the statute. Mr. Stone said, he had fulfilled the oath taken at his ordination, and preached the truth in sincerity, If he had preached falsely, why did they not shew him that what he had preached was contrary to God's word. He should conform himself, to the utmost of his power, to the word of God. As the court, however, did not think that he had complied with the act, he begged of the court to instruct any person, properly qualified, to draw out any form of recantation, and give him a week to consider of it. He should be happy to sign it if it was not contradictory to the dictates of his conscience; for he was the true friend of the church of England, and obeyed the solemn charge made to him by that church in truth and sincerity.

The court would not consent to this, and said, that no formal recantation in writing was necessary; he must declare verbally and openly, that the doctrines he had preached were erroneous. Mr. Stone replied, that he would not consent to speak thus generally of any doctrines, but must insist on having the erroneous doctrines clearly and plainly stated to him. He would openly declare his opinions that God was the saviour of the world, and Jesus the means of our salvation, by his faithful obedience unto death, even the death on the cross. The court said then, that no farther time should be allowed, but that sentence should be immediately given.

This being the case, the audience expected to hear the sentence, when lo! the bishops of London and Lincoln, and other divines entered the court; the bishop of London took the chair; Sir William Scott, who had before filled it, standing up at his right hand. Sir William now gave his lordship a summary of what had passed; and this being done, the bishop, without addressing one word to the venerable presbyter, began to read a very long writing, which ended in the declaration, that he deprived Mr. Stone of his living. Instead of Amen, Mr. Stone exclaimed with a loud voice, "God's will be done."

It remains to be seen whether these proceedings are legal or not. An act of parliament is supposed to have been broken; it has been broken over and over again by the most eminent divines of the church of England: and it was singular enough that the bishop of Lincoln should have been one of the divines concurring in the sentence, when his lordship, in his Elements of Theology, has spoken as pointedly against one part of the Athanasian Creed, as Mr. Stone has against another. It is evident, however, that Mr. Stone has the best of the argument, as far as the word of God is concerned; but his opponents have the staff in their own hands, and the law seems to be very much in their favour. We wish the poor old man safely out of his difficulties, and that his opponents may meet with more favour at the tribunal of Christ, than they are inclined to allow to his declining years.

It is unfortunate for Mr. Stone that the act of Queen Elizabeth remains on our statute book: it is fortunate for a poor old woman in Huntingdonshire that the acts against witchcraft have been abolished, or the noble lords and gentlemen of the late administration might have found another opportunity of exercising their talents in a state prosecution. Two young women of a village in Huntingdonshire thought themselves to have been bewitched by a poor labourer's old wife. The fact was, that they had convulsion fits. To unbewitch themselves, they got three young men to assist them, who broke open the cottage at night, pulled the poor old woman out of bed from her husband, dragged her into he yard, where the young women with their pins and nails, drew blood from the supposed witch, anointed themselves with it, and professed themselves to have been immediately recovered. The belief in witchcraft is pretty prevalent in that county, but all are not infected by it, and there remained a

sufficient number of persons in their senses to convey the young men before the sitting magistrates at Huntingdon, and they have been obliged to give bail for their appearance to take their trial at the next assizes. So much for the enlightened times in which we live. One could not do better than to institute a conference between the three young men of Huntingdonshire, and the three doctors of Doctor's Commons on their different modes of attack on the old man and the old woman.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. BURDON's letter arrived too late for insertion this month. It will appear in our next.

We beg leave to decline Mr. JACKSON's communication. It is left for him at our publisher's.

"S S.H." on the *Popularity of the Modern Drama*, will excuse us from inserting his favour.

"Perrecturus" will see that we have availed ourselves of both his communications this month. In his future *Annotations on Shakspeare* we beg to recommend two things: not to let each letter exceed in length the one now inserted: and to let the passages upon which he comments be extracted *whole*, as every reader may not have a Shakspeare at hand: and besides it would render the subject more generally interesting and intelligible.

Mr MUDFORD's *conclusion* of his *Critical Estimation of H. K. White's Genius* next month.

We are pleased with W. TUCKER's letter: it is modestly and ingenuously written. We have used, this month, as much as we *can* of his poetry.

BOOKS PUBLISHED MAY 1808.

☞ *As this Department will be of great Importance to* AUTHORS *and* BOOKSELLERS, *as well as to Literature in general, it is requested that* NOTICES *of Works may be forwarded as early as possible (free of Postage), which will be regularly inserted.*

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APOLLONIAN CRITIC.

"SEMPER FIDELIS."

"*Kais*," or Love in the Deserts (continued from p. 342)—"*Alone retired beneath some tree.*" Composed by Mr. Braham.

THIS song does not possess that *originality* which we expect to find in compositions announced as *entirely new*, but there is that *common place sweetness* in it that pervades all Mr. B.'s compositions, and affords a momentary gratification without leaving any thing to assist a recollection of the air. At the close of the 3d bar, and at the commencement of the 4th, we discover two consecutive fifths, which Mr. B. *ought* to know (as a composer) is a forbidden progression; in short, the uncultivated ear will readily discover that it is inharmonious. The *accompaniments* and *basses* are very thinly strewed, and bespeak a want of that fertility of genius necessary to produce originality in musical composition.

"*O'er the tent see twilight grey,*
"*Slaves should rise with rising day.*"

We presume that this is a *chorus* in two parts, composed by Mr. Reeve. The air of this composition reminds us of a groupe of children calling upon their playmates to join them, by singing the well known air of "*Girls and boys come out to play*;" this is a happy adaptation of *simple sounds* to *simple words*. Thus far Mr. R. deserves praise for having *studied his author*: but in his 33d, 35th, and 37th bars, he has made a ridiculous attempt at a fugue—a fugue did we say? no that must be a *nick-name* for it, as it is merely *a jumble of nonsense*, in similar motion; in short, there are only three chords in this chorus, viz. G D C, therefore what can be expected from such a confined system of modulation.

"*Far from my home.*" A duet (Braham). We acknowledge ourselves much pleased with the greater part of this duet, and regret that we cannot say more. Mr. B. has much to learn 'ere he becomes a scientifical composer, which is exemplified in several instances in this duet; he has introduced the chord of the 2d, 4th, and 6th, in the 10th bar, but it is not properly resolved either by suspension or according to the scale; this is one of many glaring errors which may be found in the compositions of this successful candidate for public favour; and we sincerely hope that he will in future pay more attention to the study of musical theory than he has done hitherto. In the 9th bar, page 20, he has introduced a shake upon *A* flat, while the upper voice is making a shake upon *D* natural; this does not only produce a disagreeable effect, but displays more *whim* than *merit*: in the 19th and 20th bar (same page) there is *a fifth* followed by two *naked fourths*, which is very inharmonious: then follows a symphony, that to all appearance closes the duet; but Mr. B. afterwards introduces *a cadenza*, which is very improper, as all cadences ought to be preceded by a *supposed bass*, it being intended to give the singer or instrumental performer, an opportunity of displaying his knowledge in the science of music, to the satisfaction of his hearers, and thereby *completely closing* the piece with some degree of *eclat*.

"*Farewell sweet maid.*" A Duet (Braham). The commencement of this duet is evidently a plagiarism from a beautiful trio, with accompaniments for "*Violas*," called "*Conrad the Good*," and may be found in "Shield's Introduction to Harmony." We lament that Mr. B.'s researches after knowledge are not confined to his own improvement; and we dislike also his attempts to display a "*ready made genius*," by affixing his name to another man's composition. Had Mr. B. emulated Shield in his musical studies, he need not have resorted to such despicable means to find materials for an Opera. H.

[*A farther review of this Opera to be given in our next.*]

"*Poor Patty.*" A favourite comic song, sung by Mr. Grimaldi, in the pantomime of "Harlequin's Lottery," at the Aquatic Theatre, Sadler's Wells. Written by Mr. C. Dibdin, jun. Composed by Mr. Reeve. 1s. 6d.

WE have no hesitation in pronounc-

ing this to be an excellent comic song. Mr. Reeve in this species of composition has displayed an originality of thought in which he certainly has no rival; and we heartily wish that he would confine his *genius* to compositions of this description, and not aspire to that in which a greater knowledge of the science of music is necessary.

H.

"*Lumkin and his Mother.*" Written and composed by Mr. Dibdin, and sung by Mr. Mason, at the Lyceum, in the entertainment called the "Professional Volunteers." 1s.

THIS is one of many excellent comic songs produced by Mr. Dibdin, a veteran in the service of the public, and whose words and music are replete with more originality than any author of the present day can boast of; and we sincerely regret that Mr. D. should (at his advanced period of life) be compelled to resort to "*Entertainments*" for procuring a livelihood.

H.

"*Miss Wigley,*" is an excellent comic song by the same author. 1s.

THERE is a happy coincidence of circumstances contained in this song, that is rarely to be met with, and we have no doubt but it will prove a very great favourite with the Public. H.

"*The Best Bower Anchor.*" By the same author. 1s.

THE general subject of this song we have seen before, in various shapes, from the pen of Mr. Dibdin. The idea of "*Providence being the guardian of mankind,*" may be found in his very excellent song, "*Poor Jack*;" and the 2d verse is a plagiarism from his "*Jack Junk*; his 3d verse is merely "fetching up the lee way," as he terms it, by moralizing on death; yet upon the whole *it is a good old song.* H.

National Music adapted for the German Flute.

Messrs. Button and Whitaker, of St. Paul's Church Yard, have issued the plan of their Musical Cabinet for the German Flute (to be completed in 22 volumes, at 2s. 6d. each) which is as follows:

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The whole to be selected, arranged, and partly composed by Mr. John Whitaker.

This plan meets with our most cordial approbation, and we have no doubt, from the well known correct taste and talents of Mr. Whitaker, but that this will prove the most valuable work for the German flute that has ever been brought forward in this country.

Four of the volumes have already appeared, and three more are promised in the course of the present month. We intended to have reviewed the first four in our present number, but have not had opportunity. We confess that we look forward to the appearance of these volumes with very raised expectations. T.

ADDITIONS TO, AND CORRECTIONS IN, FORMER OBITUARIES.

THE late BENJAMIN GOLDSMID.—In addition to the particulars mentioned in our Obituary of this gentleman, page 347 of the last number, it seems that till a recent "Statement of the Circumstances and Manner of the Death of Mr. Goldsmid," appeared in print, complaining of the impropriety of concealing the evidence on the coroner's jury, some of the public papers had run into an extreme of fulsome adulation of the deceased. One of them afterwards complained of an imposition practised upon them to procure its insertion. But it seems this imposition was only that of a *payment.*

On the subject of concealing this evidence, though an inquest had been held and a verdict given, it has

been asked, "Whence this reserve? Whence this mystery? If a court was held as a court should have been held, why was it a close court? By what authority and by what right have the proceedings been suppressed? Under these circumstances, how does the duty of a coroner differ from that of a judge in other criminal cases? No person would affirm that the wealth even of a Goldsmid could in this country avert or turn the course of justice; notwithstanding, common fame has ascribed the reprieve and pardon of more than one criminal, to their intervention." Common report made it appear, a few years since that a young man convicted of forgery was thus reprieved on the very same day that Anne Hurle, a *young woman*, was executed at the Old Bailey for passing a forged note.

Still, to the credit of the deceased, no partiality to his own people has ever been imputed to him; on the contrary, his breaking through a lamentable prejudice, till then common to Jews and Christians, was highly honourable to him as a man; and was a species of that *charity that is able to cover a multitude of other sins.*

Hitherto it has been but too justly remarked, that both Jews and Christians have, owing to the religious rancour subsisting between them, felt little sympathy in their mutual distresses. Each have considered the other as a distinct order of beings totally different; and have accordingly supposed themselves acquitted from any mutual obligations. Hence, till the Goldsmids set the example, the names of Jews in subscriptions to christian charities, have been very rare. To almost all the Hospitals, Mr. B. Goldsmid is said to have been a liberal benefactor; and such has been the power of their late example, that at present, many christian names appear among the subscribers to the jewish school and hospital lately founded. On the part of the Jews it ought to be remarked, that in subscribing to christian charities, they have no latent motive for *making converts* to their religion. It is to be wished that in future, the motives of the christians who subscribe to or assist the Jews may be equally pure and humane; and abstracted from the view of convert making.

But to return to the late Mr. Goldsmid. There can be little doubt of his being subject to constitutional fits of melancholy. During these periods he would withdraw himself into his bed chamber, or any other remote room and there studiously sit alone. Notwithstanding the unusual reserve at first observed respecting Mr. B. Goldsmid's death, the following facts relative to the cause and completion of that melancholy catastrophe have been thus stated.

Mr. Hamerton a gentleman about 38 years of age, had resided many years in the family of Mr. Goldsmid, not only in the capacity of steward and tutor, but in the more confidential character of friend; for he held valuable land for Mr. Goldsmid, the Jews in England being unjustly debarred this common privilege of their fellow subjects. Long before the tragic event, a want of harmony was remarked between Mr. and Mrs. Goldsmid. On the Friday preceding his death a dispute was over-heard between them as they were walking in the grounds, respecting the dismissal of Mr. H——; and Mrs. Goldsmid, it is said, exclaimed with emotion—"*If Mr. H. leaves the house so must I!*"

Mrs. G. it appears slept in a different room from that occupied by Mr. G. and a man servant slept in the same chamber with her husband. Being afflicted with the gout, a silk cord was suspended from the bed top, by which he changed his position and raised himself. About eight o'clock on the Monday morning following the dispute with Mrs. G. he ordered the servant to go and expedite the carriage; on his return, finding no admittance, he alarmed Mr. Hamerton and Mrs. Goldsmid, who bursting open the door, the dreadful spectacle presented itself. Assistance was immediately imparted, but "the pulse of life was stopped; the anxious spirit which fluttered within had fled."—Though this occurred early on Monday, it was not till Wednesday afternoon that the coroner's inquest was held. They gave the usual humane verdict of *Lunacy*, which few will be disposed to object to, when it is con-

sidered that the property of a suicide, supposed *sane*, is forfeited to the crown; so that the affliction of an innocent family would be increased by all the horrors of poverty. Mr. Goldsmid was about 55 years of age; Mrs. G. about 44. She produced him seven children, as we observed in our Obituary, page 347. The eldest son, a fine young man about 19, lately forsook the Jewish faith, and was naturalized. He is an officer in the Putney corps. But though it has been observed that Mr. Goldsmid's wife and family were by no means strict in their observance of the customs of their people, those persons know very little of the jewish character who are ignorant that the *conversion* or apostacy of any of their families *from the belief of one God*, is always to the rest a source of the most poignant affliction. Their general idea of converts from their belief is, that such persons are impostors or time-servers. If Mr. B. Goldsmid during his life-time really observed "that he should be the last Jew of his family," it is not improbable that this laxity of principle, as well as the circumstances of his death, induced the High Priest, over whom it seems great wealth had no power, not to permit his remains to be deposited *within*, but they were interred *without* the Jewish burial ground.

The following is the substance of Mr. Goldsmid's will. To his widow he has bequeathed 5000*l.* in cash; the interest of 25,000*l.* for her life, which sum is to be invested in the three per cent. cons.; 300*l.* per annum for the maintenance of each of his seven children; the use of the mansion at Rochampton, together with the estate annexed to it, until the eldest son attains the age of 25 years. He has also left her all his jewels, plate, wines, carriages, horses, live and dead stock, growing crops, &c. Mrs. Goldsmid is also allowed the privilege of disposing by will to the amount of 5000*l.* If she at any time chuses to quit Roehampton for another residence, a further sum of 250*l.* per ann. is bequeathed her. To each of his two daughters he has left 7500*l.* besides 1000*l.* to be paid to each on the day of her marriage. To his nieces he has bequeathed 500*l.* each; to his brothers, and other relations, he has left small legacies, as a token of his remembrance. He has remembered the London Hospital, and several other charitable institutions. To his eldest son he has left a legacy of 4000*l.*; and he is also to share in the residue of his property with his four brothers; a moiety of which is to be paid them at the age of 21, and the other when they have attained their 25th year.

His steward, the children's tutor, and all the domestics have been kindly remembered by him.

His will was made in the year 1798; but the codicil, which specifies most of the legacies, was added two years ago.

Sir HENRY GREY, *(whose death we mentioned in p. 354 of our last)*; his estates, at the time of his death, did not amount to 17,000*l.* per annum. So far from leading the life of a country gentleman, as stated in the newspapers, he had not been in the country for nearly forty years, but resided most of the time in Great Ormond-street.

The late Admiral RODDAM *(mentioned in the same page,)* never lived at Morpeth. He came to Newcastle for medical advice, and died there. His family residence was at Roddam; and tradition has reported, in the vulgar dialect of that country, that it must always be possessed by a Roddam:

"While hills grow heather,
Dales grow hair,
Roddam of Roddam for ever mair."

The admiral was brother to the late Edward Roddam, of Roddam, in Northumberland. Mr. Roddam went to sea as a midshipman in 1735-6 in the Lowestoffe, in which capacity he served, also, in the Russel, Cumberland, and Boyne. He was upon the Antigua station five years, when Sir Chaloner Ogle took him into his own ship on his way to Jamaica to join Admiral Vernon, whom he accompanied in different expeditions against Hispaniola, Carthagena, Cumberland Harbour, &c. In November 1741, he was made third Lieutenant of the Superb. In 1746, he was appointed to command the Viper sloop. At Portsmouth, having the good fortune

to excite the notice of Lord Anson by his seamanship, he wrote to the Lords of the Admiralty for leave to take Captain Roddam under his command. His capturing a number of small Spanish vessels and silencing a battery in Sidera Bay soon after recommending him to Sir Peter Warren, he obtained for him the command of the Greyhound frigate, with the rank of Post Captain: this was in July 1747. In 1753, he got the Bristol guardship of 50 guns. In 1755, he commanded the Greenwich, and fell in with five French ships of the line, which he engaged several hours, till he was at length compelled to strike to the French admiral, and himself and ship's crew were carried into Hispaniola. Captain Roddam, on his release, was honourably acquitted for the loss of his ship, at Kingston in Jamaica. On his return to England, he took the command of the Colchester, under Lord Hawke, who was then off Ushant.

After performing a number of brilliant services, peace only induced him to turn his sword into a plough-share upon his own estate at Roddam, to which he became heir, through the death of his brother, Edward Roddam, Esq. In 1778, a Spanish war being expected, he was appointed to the Lenox of 74 guns, at Portsmouth, and continued in his command three years as a guardship. At the commencement of the American war, he was commissioned for the Cornwall. In March 1779, he received the rank of Vice Admiral of the Blue. He was made Vice of the White in Sept. 1780; and, in April 1789, he was appointed commander in chief at Portsmouth, where his facility in getting the men of war ready for sea went beyond all precedent. The admiral, however, had never been employed since he struck his flag at Portsmouth in 1792, though in 1805, he was Admiral of the Red, and placed at the head of the list.

HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

Deaths in and near London.

ON Thursday, May 12, in the 58d year of his age, Charles Henry Wilson, Esq. late of the Middle Temple. Mr. Wilson was some time editor of The Gazetteer, and there are few daily or periodical publications of any standing which have not been occasionally indebted to his contributions. He was the author of The Wandering Islander, Polyanthea, Brookiana, Beauties of Burke, and many more original productions, compilations, and translations, to none of which would he suffer his name to be prefixed. His attainments were universal. He was deeply versed in the antiquities and literature of the Gothic, Scandinavian, and Celtic nations. With an inexhaustible fund of learning, he was "a fellow of infinite jest—of most excellent fancy." His wit and humour, as many of our readers must have had opportunities of knowing, were truly original. The factitious jester, the Joe Miller wit, in vain attempted to enter the lists with him; he was speedily distanced by a simile, or an expression which never could enter the imagination of his rival, but so ludicrously apposite to the subject in hand, as never to fail to "set the table in a roar." He was a native of the North of Ireland, and migrated to the metropolis upwards of twenty years ago. Born to no fortune, he run his career of life without doing more than to provide for the day which was passing over him, a fate not uncommon to men entering the world under the same circumstances, and possessing similar endowments, joined to a strong relish for social enjoyment.

At his house in Dean's Yard, Westminster, in the 80th year of his age, Mr. Thomas Hull, known, since the death of Macklin, as the oldest actor in London. The last appointment he filled was that of deputy-manager of Covent Garden, which he occupied for three years, when Mr. Colman relinquished it; but finding it too fatiguing for his time of life, he also relinquished it, and was succeeded by Mr. Lewis. Mr. Hull was the founder of the theatrical fund for the relief of distressed actors and actresses, or those who through age or misfor-

tune might be reduced to want. This he proposed to be raised out of a deduction of sixpence in the pound from their salaries. After this plan was agreed to and adopted at Drury Lane, Mr. Garrick annually performed for its benefit. Mr. and Mrs. Yates were the only persons who dissented from this laudable undertaking, and their reason was said to be "that they should never want its assistance."—Mr. Hull, till within these few years past, performed the characters allotted to old men at Covent Garden, and during the summer, occasionally in the country. He has altered and written several pieces, viz. "The Twins, or Comedy of Errors," from Shakspeare, 1762—The Absent Man, a farce, 1764—Pharnaces, an opera, from Metastatio, 1765—The Spanish Lady, a musical entertainment—All in the Right, a farce, translated 1766—The Perplexities, a comedy, 1767—The Fairy Favour, a masque—The Royal Merchant, an opera, 1768—Henry II. or the Fall of Rosamond, a tragedy, 1774—Edward and Eleonora, altered from Thomson, 1775—Love will find out the way, a comic opera, 1777—Iphigenia, or the Victim, a tragedy, 1778—Timon of Athens, from Shakspeare, 1786—Disinterested Love, altered from Messina, 1798. Mr. Hull was also the author of some Oratorios. In 1797 he published "Moral Tales in verse," founded on real facts, one of which bore the date of 1762. A numerous list of subscribers to this work proved the esteem Mr. Hull enjoyed. He married Miss Morrison, who belonged to Covent Garden in 1760. This very amiable woman he lost a few years ago. It is said she had formerly been his pupil. Their affection for each other never suffered any abatement through a long intercourse, and their mutual attention was the evident result of respect and esteem, as well as of regard and duty. Mr. Hull was originally in the medical profession, and among those who knew him long was generally styled Dr. Hull. He was a good scholar, and possessed literary talents, which he frequently exercised, with credit to his character. His compositions were invariably intended to promote the interests of virtue, and excite the benevolent affections. In Mr. Hull's tragedy of Fair Rosamond, it has been remarked, that if there were no touches of sublime poesy, it was marked with good sense and natural feeling; the characters were judiciously contrasted, and the fable properly conducted. Mr. Hull dedicated the play to the memory of Shenstone, the poet, of whose friendship he was reasonably proud, and of whom he had an original portrait, which he held in great veneration. Upon the whole, it may be fairly said, that he was highly respectable in the theatrical calling, and that no man ever acted his part upon the stage of life with more uniform propriety, or left that state with more approbation from those who knew his conduct, and the merits of his character.

At his house in Scotland-yard, London, W. Lowndes, Esq. of Chesham, Buckinghamshire, one of the Commissioners of the Excise, and last surviving grandson of the Right Hon. W. Lowndes (commonly called Ways and Means Lowndes) Secretary to the Treasury, and M.P. during the reigns of King William the Third, Queen Anne, and King George the First.

At Osborne's Hotel, Adelphi, Captain Lionel Hook, of the East India Company's Military Establishment, lately arrived from Bengal.

At Plaistow, Essex, Mr. Vincent, many years Serjeant at Mace for the City of London.

FOREIGN EVENTS.

SPAIN.

Insurrection at Madrid, &c.

Paris, May 12.—The *Moniteur* of yesterday contains the following articles:

Bayonne, May 6—The following particulars are contained in a letter from Madrid, dated May 2d, seven in the evening:—

"The people of Madrid, since the events at Aranjuez, have been constantly in a state of ferment. Their pride and presumption had arrived at the highest pitch of which it is possible to form any conception. The victory which they had obtained over their king, the trophies which they were elated with having snatched from the two hundred carabineers, who formed the life-guard of the Prince of Peace, inspired hopes that every thing

must give way to their fantasies and licentiousness. Every day were injuries done to the French, sometimes the guilty were punished in an exemplary manner; but the French always discovered the coolness and tranquillity of the strong, towards the commotions of the multitude. It is true, that the good sense of the great body of the respectable inhabitants of Madrid, confirmed this disposition on the part of the French.

"Within these two days, the assemblages of the people were more numerous, and appeared to have some determinate object in view. Reports and proclamations in manuscript, were dispersed over the country; cool spectators of those things, as well Spaniards as French, saw a crisis approaching, and saw it with pleasure, for without some severe lesson, it was impossible to bring back the misguided multitude to reason.

"The Queen of Etruria, and the Infante Don Francisco, indignant at the affronts to which they were daily exposed, asked and obtained permission to set out for Bayonne. The Grand Duke of Berg sent one of his aides-du-camp with his compliments and assurances that they should sustain no injury; having reached the court of the palace, the Aid-du-Camp was surrounded by the assembled mob; but he defended himself long, and at last was on the point of sinking, when ten grenadiers of the guard advanced with charged bayonets, and rescued him.

"At the same moment, a second Officer was wounded by another mob. The great street of Alcala, the Sun-gate, and the Great Square, were covered with the populace. The Grand Duke caused the alarm to be beat, and every one repaired to his post, while a battalion of the Grand Duke's picquet, with two pieces of cannon, advanced near the court of the palace, where the seditious were the most daring; being drawn up in line, a firing began from two ranks; the grape-shot flew through the different streets, the arrayed crowds were dispersed in a moment, and the greatest dismay succeeded to the most extravagant arrogance.

"The Grand Duke had sent orders to General Grouchy to scour the street of Alcala, for the purpose of dispersing an assemblage of more than 20,000 men, who were in it and the adjacent squares. Thirty discharges of artillery with grape-shot, with several charges of cavalry, cleared all the streets; after this the insurgents took refuge in the houses, and began to fire from the windows. Brigadier-Generals Guillot and Daubrin broke open the doors, and all who were found with arms in their hands were put to the sword. A detachment of horse-guards, at the head of which was Dusmenil, Chef d'Escadron, made several charges in the square. This Officer had two horses killed under him, and General Grouchy had a horse wounded.

"While this was going forward, the insurgents made for the Arsenal, to get possession of eight and twenty pieces of cannon, and to arm themselves with 10,000 muskets which were there at hand; but General Lefranc, who, with his brigade, was quartered in the Convent of San Bernardino, advanced with his regiment by forced marches, so that the insurgents had scarce time to fire some cannon shot. All who were found in the Arsenal were put to death, and the fire-arms which they had began to take from the chests, were again locked up.

"A great number of peasants from the neighbouring villages were summoned into the city before the grand attempt; but when they saw how speedily the insurrection was put down, they endeavoured to escape to the country; but they were watched by the cavalry, at the different outlets of the city, and all taken with arms in their hands were shot.

"The French garrison of Madrid were alone engaged in this affair, consisting of two battalions of fusileers of the guard, commanded by Colonel Friedwichs, a picquet of infantry, and five or six hundred cavalry. When the cannon was heard, and the alarm was given in the five camps, the divisions were formed, and advanced with rapid march towards Madrid; when they arrived, order was already restored; the garrison of Madrid, composed of 3000 men, was quite sufficient to bring the insurgents back to their senses. Our loss is reckoned at 25 killed, and between 40 and 50 wound-

ed. That of the insurgents amounts to some thousands of the lowest orders.

"The Junta, or Government Council, immediately gave orders for disarming the whole city; all good citizens rejoice at this regulation, and view with pleasure the punishment of those insurgents, who, had it not been for the presence of the French, would, by overturning the throne of the late king of Spain, have annihilated the kingdom, and have plunged this brave nation into a state of long decay.

"When the Emperor here received information of what had fallen out at Madrid, he immediately went to King Charles, who was just returned from the Empress, with whom he had been partaking of a *dejeune*. 'Ah!' exclaimed the old king, upon hearing a relation of the events, 'I have foreseen this misfortune. Those guilty men, who, in order to accomplish their object, have set on the people, hoped to be able to manage them; but they have fallen into the pit they themselves have dug.'

"The king instantly resolved to appoint the Grand Duke of Berg, Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, and has accordingly sent patents to the Junta, and to the Councils of Castile and of War. He has recalled Don Antonio, whom he had placed at the head of the Junta, as having neither sufficient steadiness nor enough of experience for such difficult circumstances.

"The king afterwards called to him the Prince of Asturias, and giving him the letter of the Grand Duke of Berg to read, containing a detail of these events, said to him, 'See then, what has been in part brought about by the counsel which wicked men have given you, by flattering the prejudices of the people, and by forgetting the sacred respect which is due to a throne and lawful authority. Popular commotions are like fire, easily excited; but longer experience, another arm than your's, is necessary to quench them.'

It is remarkable, that in a letter from his Majesty the Emperor to the Prince of Asturias, about a fortnight before this insurrection took place, he observes, relative to something which had probably been suggested respecting popular commotions and insurrections:—"*A few of my soldiers may be murdered, but the subjugation of Spain shall be the consequence.* I see," said he, "with pain, that some persons at Madrid have disseminated certain letters of the captain general of Catalonia, and have done every thing to excite disturbances among the people." These mysterious expressions then follow: "Your Highness perfectly comprehends my meaning. You perceive that I have touched slightly upon many points which it would not be proper to enlarge upon."

In a letter, written by Charles IV. to his son the Prince of Asturias, dated Bayonne, May 2d, he complains, that after he had put him under an arrest, the king's ministers were slandered to the emperor of the French, who thinking he perceived Spain wished to depart from her alliance, seeing disorder even in the royal family, occupied the Spanish states with his troops which gave the king no particular uneasiness, while they remained on the other side of the Ebro. He upbraids the Prince with not waiting till the usual course of nature had raised him to the throne, and observed, "that his conduct towards him, and his intercepted letters, had erected a brazen wall between the Prince and the throne of Spain, and that his abdication was a consequence of compulsion."

The following is a letter from the Prince of Asturias to the Infante Don Antonio at Madrid:—

"I have this day sent a letter to my dearly beloved Father conceived in these terms:

"Honoured Father and Lord,

"In order to give you a proof of my love and obedience, and in fulfilment of your desire, I resign my crown in favour of your Majesty, wishing you may enjoy it many years. I throw myself at the feet of your Royal Majesty, the humblest of your sons, &c. "FERDINAND."

"Done at Bayonne, in the Imperial Palace, called the Government, May 2, 1808."

In a Proclamation issued by the Grand Duke of Berg dated Madrid, May 6, in referring to the 2d, when the soldiers were compelled to draw their swords to repel force by force,

he exhorts the inhabitants to remove all anxiety from their minds; to return to their occupations; to see in the soldiers of the Great Napoleon, only friendly troops and faithful allies. He concludes with assuring them, "that the inhabitants of all classes, of all ranks, may, as usual, wear their cloaks; they shall no longer be detained or disturbed."

The King and Queen of Spain, the Queen of Etruria, the Infante Don Francisco, and the Prince of Peace were expected at the palace of Fontainbleau on the 20th of this month. The Prince of Asturias was to be sent to the estate of Valency, near the Rhine, which belongs to the Duke of Berg, the grand elector. In addition to the dignity conferred on the Grand Duke of Berg by the King of Spain, by his letters patent, dated from Bayonne, the Junta of the Government at Madrid, in consideration of the difficult and extraordinary situation of affairs, conferred on his Highness, the office of President of the Junta.

EAST INDIES.

Sea Snake.

Sir—The accompanying communication, from my friend, Dr. Meek, I request you will publish as soon as convenient. It is of importance, as affording a testimony against the generally received, but erroneous opinion, of the innocence of water snakes, and may serve as a useful caution to those who may have entertained a belief of their being harmless. A dog was some years ago bitten near Goa by a sea snake, and the bite proved mortal.

Your obedient servant,

Bombay. G. KEIR.

"DEAR KEIR,

"A melancholy proof against the too prevalent but mistaken idea of the harmless nature of the common sea snake, has been clearly evinced in the following fatal occurrence, which took place in this vicinity a few days ago, and which I deem it expedient to communicate to you, with the view that it may be rendered public, should you consider it of sufficient importance. Early in the morning of the 24th ult. a stout young man, about 22 years of age, a *mucqua*, or fisherman, belonging to Poodiangurry, a small village in the neighbourhood, about two miles from the shore, about 9 *a. m.* upon hauling in his net, found a common sea snake entangled in it. He seized the snake by the back to disengage it from his net, conceiving it perfectly harmless, when it instantly bit him on the point of the middle finger of the right hand; he threw the snake into the sea, and thought nothing of the bite. He came on shore about an hour afterwards, when he complained of a slight pain in the affected finger, and which extended along the inside of the right arm. He walked home, about half a mile from the beach, but towards the latter part of the journey, complained of giddiness and a weakness in his loins and lower extremities, and was obliged to be supported by his comrades the rest of the way.

"Soon after he reached home, his friends procured a native Doctor of his own cast to administer to him; but even then, neither the person who was bitten, or any of those around him, possessed the most remote idea of danger, or in fact that any serious consequence was likely to result from the bite.

"About 3 *p. m.* he complained of very great pain in the wounded finger, and all along the right arm; shortly after this, the upper and lower extremities were seized with violent spasms, accompanied with giddiness, nausea, vomiting, and a dimness of sight. Towards night all the symptoms increased, attended with great restlessness and excruciating pain in the right hand and arm. About two o'clock in the following morning, he became *comatose*, and was occasionally seized with convulsions, until he died, which was about 24 hours from the time he had been bitten. About 11 *a. m.* of the 25th, his friends called upon me for assistance, when I immediately accompanied them, but much too late, for the unfortunate man appeared to have been dead some time.

"The native Doctor who attended, appeared to have done little else than besmear the body with oil and wood ashes, and apply the warm blood of a young fowl to the affected finger. On inspection, there appeared upon the point of the middle finger of the right hand, a mark just sufficient to shew that he had been bitten, but no swel-

ling about the finger, hand, or arm, nor were the axillary glands of the right arm at all enlarged. There appeared a much greater degree of rigidity about the body, for so recent a corse, than I ever recollected to have seen, but no diseased enlargement of the body. Upon examining the people who were in the boat with the unfortunate sufferer, they all declared having seen the snake, and that it appeared to them to be exactly of the same kind as they are accustomed to see numbers of daily, when employed fishing, but never, until the present, has an instance been known amongst them of any serious consequence following from the bite of these snakes.

"*Twelve p. m. of the 30th.*—Just as I finished the above account, another case was brought on shore from one of the boats to my house. The man had been similarly employed, and was bitten on the back of the fore finger of the right hand, about one hour before he was brought to me; the wound was very distinct, but as yet unattended with material pain. Knowing the fate of his friend a few days before from a similar accident, he laboured under great agitation and alarm. I placed a tight ligature upon the arm, scarified freely the wounded part, and rubbed it smartly for some time with a strong solution of lunar caustic, administering liberally the spirit *ammonia* internally. He suffered very severe pain in the affected hand, from two o'clock until about six, but towards night this pain moderated, and the medicine he had taken threw him into a most profuse perspiration; about 10 o'clock that night, as there appeared no symptom indicative of the poison having entered the system, I left off the medicine, and found him next morning quite well, though weak; from which circumstance I feel rather disposed to believe, that in this case the remedy I had recourse to, combined with his own fears, was perhaps more the cause of his suffering than the effect of any deleterious matter deposited in the wound. The snake was described to be of the same kind with the former, but much smaller.

Your's sincerely,

"S. MEEK."

"*Calicut, 7th July*, 1807.

SWEDEN.

His Swedish Majesty, although so much occupied in the external affairs of his kingdom, appears to have profited of the ideas and suggestions of Mr. Oddy, by commencing one of the grandest internal improvements that any country has displayed in the present times, namely, to connect the North of the Baltic Seas together, through the heart of Sweden. Three surveys have been made; a fourth and last is at this moment going forward, and nearly completed, pursuant to an ordinance lately issued by the king, as appears by the Stockholm Gazette.

This canal will commence at Soderkoping in the Baltic Sea, pass along to the lakes Roxen, the Wettern, and the Wiken into the Wenern lake, from whence the navigation is already complete down to Gottenburgh, by means of the wonderful canal and sluices of Trollhatte; this communication from one sea to the other will be made large enough for vessels usually navigating the Baltic Sea to pass; and what is found to be much in favour of the speedy execution of the project is, that of the whole line from Gottenburgh across to the Baltic, in consequence of the works some years ago effected, and the newly discovered natural navigable advantages, there remains not 50 English miles to effect the complete communication of these two seas through Sweden.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

ON the 19th of May, about ten o'clock in the morning, a terrible fire broke out at Aldrey, in the parish of Haddenham, in the Isle of Ely, which raged with great fury for several hours, and destroyed nine dwelling-houses, with barns and outbuildings belonging. Part only of the property was insured. It was occasioned by a farmer's son incautiously firing at a hawk, who was carrying off some poultry, when part of the wadding fell upon the thatch of a barn.

DURHAM.

Died.] In St. Gilesgate, in the 96th year of his age, William Cloyd.—Among the many eccentric tricks of his youth, he once undertook to descend upon a rope from the steeple of St. Giles's church to the Bower Banks adjoining, and accomplished it unhurt. In 1739 he was with Admiral Vernon at the taking of Porto Bello and Carthagena. In 1742 he was deprived of his eye-sight by lightning upon the African coast, and after that became famous for dressing sheep's feet, which proved a very profitable trade to him, and enabled him to procure his quantum of ale, of which he consumed no small quantity. At cards and bowling-matches Cloyd was generally one of the foremost, and frequently betted very freely. He enjoyed, in general, a very good state of health, and within this last 20 years has been seen to run round the feet of a large stool turned topsy-turvy, with his boots on. About 26 years ago he was at a bowling-match on Gilesgate-moor, when a violent altercation arose about the position of the bowls, which had nearly ended in blows, when Cloyd, starting from the crowd, cried out, "Lead me to the place where the bowls are." On his arrival there, after groping awhile for the bowls, he exclaimed, "Any body may see that bowl is first." This created a loud laugh, and put all the parties in good humour again. About 18 years ago he received one of Hetherington's benefactions of ten pounds a year to blind men, upon which he subsisted till his decease.

HAMPSHIRE.

Died.] Sir John Carter, aged 67, alderman of Portsmouth, for which place he had at sundry times served the office of mayor, with the greatest credit to himself and satisfaction to the public. He was also many years a magistrate, and once sheriff, for the county. Perhaps there never was a gentleman more universally known and respected, or his loss more lamented. As a magistrate, he was humane, impartial, and moderate; in domestic life an affectionate and indulgent husband and father, and a kind master; to his tenants he was more like a father than a landlord; and, indeed, every one of them, vastly numerous as they are, testified the sense they entertained of his goodness, by shutting up their houses in the same manner as if it had been their natural father they had lost. He may be truly called a peace-maker, and "blessed are such." His affable and conciliating manners made him easy of access to all classes; and such was the high esteem in which his integrity was held, and the hold which his amiable character had taken of the affections of persons in the humble walks of life, that, in all their feuds and angry differences, he was appealed to as arbiter: his decision appeased them, and from it they sought no appeal. An age scarcely produces a character more honourable or useful to society. All who knew him respected him

KENT.

A most alarming fire broke out yesterday afternoon in the warehouse of Fector and Co. Dover, adjoining the ordnance storehouses and buildings, through the carelessness of some people employed in coopering some casks of turpentine, throwing the snuff of a lighted candle on the floor, which caught some oakum that had been wetted with turpentine; it was prevented blazing for some time by about 120 bags of wool in a loft over where the fire commenced; but the flames having at length reached many casks of turpentine, it burst forth with a fury nothing could resist. The whole range of storehouses of Messrs. Fector, which fronted the York-house are entirely destroyed, with a very large quantity of prize goods taken from the Danish ships; the Ordnance storehouse at the back of the storekeeper's house is also entirely consumed, and many of the adjoining buildings materially damaged. The fire was at such a height at one time as to threaten the total destruction of the whole square called the Buildings; but, thank Heaven! there was little or no wind, and providentially the water had been kept up in the bason, or else the whole must inevitably have been consumed. A Greek ship, which lay dry at the Quay, opposite the storehouses, was several times on fire in her hull and masts, and but for the exertions of an enterprising seaman, who in the shrouds directed an engine pipe with great effect, would have

been destroyed. The principal apprehension arose from some of the adjoining buildings being depositories for Mr. Congreve's rockets, powder, and other combustibles; and although the greatest exertions were made in removing them into a vessel in the harbour, the flames were so rapid that the whole could not be got out, consequently several alarming explosions took place, the last of which was by far the greatest, and carried away the roofs, rafters, and materials of the buildings, and caused such an alarm of what might follow, as to prevent the people approaching to render assistance; happily, however, no farther explosion took place, and between eight and nine the fire was got under, but is not all out yet.

There was a general terror that the fire would communicate to the magazine—many of the houses were in consequence entirely deserted, and numbers of women and children hurried into the country—a great many indeed went to Folkstone for the night.

The property destroyed is immense—it is said to exceed 30,000l. but it cannot be estimated accurately.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

A short time since, as Mr. Thomas Varnam, of Kiteworth, was enjoying the sports of the field with the hounds of Mr. Ashton Smith, his horse threw him, and he was unfortunately killed on the spot.

A meeting of the agriculturists residing within this county, has been recently held in the borough of Leicester, for the purpose of presenting a petition to parliament against the prohibition of the use of grain in the distilleries. A vigorous opposition was supported by the friends of John Mansfield, esq. against the petition being carried into effect; and on a division taking place, the friends of Edwin Andrew Burnaby, esq. the advocate for the petition, carried a majority of seven persons only.

NORFOLK.

A surprising proof of the degree of perfection to which the manufacture of this county is brought, was afforded last week, by a gentleman travelling for a house in Norwich exhibiting a pair of worsted stockings, of a texture so remarkably fine, that the pair together had been drawn through a wedding-ring of the ordinary size.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Died.] At Taunton, March 30, after a very short illness, sincerely lamented by his neighbours, friends, and family, the Rev. N. D. Symonds, brother of Mr. H. D. Symonds, bookseller, in Paternoster-row. This worthy man was born at Langtown, in the year 1740, and attached himself early in life to a small congregation of Baptists in that neighbourhood, and by it was encouraged to undertake the work of the ministry amongst protestant dissenters. From thence he was recommended, about the year 1769, to the patronage of the Rev. H. and C. Evans, father and son, who at that time presided over the Baptist Academy in Bristol. After remaining in that situation as long as it was thought proper, he accepted an invitation, with the full concurrence of his tutors, to settle with a society of Dissenters at Bovy Tracy, in Devonshire, where he remained some years, discharging with uprightness and credit to his character the duties of the pastoral office. It was in this situation that he formed a matrimonial alliance with Miss Crisp, the respectable and accomplished daughter of Mr. Crisp, a citizen of London, still, I doubt not, well remembered by the survivors of his numerous acquaintance in the metropolis and its vicinity.

This lady and sister had then established, at Bovy, a seminary for the education of young ladies, and conducted it whilst they remained in that place, much to their own honour and the benefit of their pupils. This seminary, some years since, was removed to Taunton, in order to be in a more central situation, and has been conducted by the same ladies and proper assistants with increasing patronage and reputation to this day, to which no doubt their worth entitles them.

The subject of this memoir, in consequence of a failure of voice, was for several years past obliged to relinquish preaching altogether. But his benevolence and attention to his friends and numerous acquaintance, the simplicity and innocence of his manners, together with the liberality

of his sentiments, sincere piety, and consistency of his life, rendered him beloved and respected by all who knew his worth, and put a value on virtue. For, though he was obliged, as already stated, to drop the public functions of the Christian minister, yet he ever retained the dignity of that character inviolate, by strictly avoiding all deviations from it, and by resisting every temptation to conform with the solicitations of the world in any pursuit or amusement, which he conceived to be injurious to the claims of religion, inconsistent with the character of an evangelist, and the testimony of a good conscience. He published, for the use of Sunday Schools, Two Sermons on a hopeful Youth falling short of Heaven; also, a pamphlet entitled a Discussion of the Doctrine of Philosophical Necessity.

Taunton, April 1, 1808. J. D.

At Bath, Admiral Brown, aged 57.

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On the 20th of May, about nine o'clock in the evening, a fire broke out in the nursery of the infant son of George Jerningham, esq. at Haughley Park. The child was happily rescued from the flames, which consumed the bed and cradle, and nearly penetrated the floor of the room before they could be extinguished. Too much praise cannot be given to the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages, who, with the utmost promptitude repaired to the house to offer assistance. The engines, accompanied by more than 200 of the inhabitants and military of Stowmarket, arrived at Tott-hill within a short time after the alarm was given.

Died.] In London, where he went for medical advice, in the 67th year of his age, very deeply and deservedly lamented, Hurst Wharton Barwick, esq. of Bury. The above gentleman served the office of alderman in the years 1795 and 1805, and by whose death the borough has lost a most able and active magistrate. He had for many years employed his time in adjusting the affairs of his deceased friends, which duties he discharged with no less ability than honour. He retained a strong mind to the last moments of his life; and in religious as well as moral duties, he was strict, conscientious, and exemplary.

At Hembly, on the 4th of May, Mr. Thomas Blomfield, farmer—a character worthy of being recorded in the annals of his country. Though he shone not as a warrior or a statesman, he was eminently distinguished for those valuable qualities which endeared him to man—inflexible, upright conduct, and extreme goodness of heart. He was ever alive to assist the distresses of suffering humanity, and his tenement was the rendezvous of all who stood in need of advice or assistance; and, if it is true he never stepped forward to wield the sword to the destruction of his fellow-beings, it is also true, that for 50 years he wielded the scythe and the sickle in assisting to relieve their wants. His acquirements in agricultural pursuits were immense, and in the harvest-field he had no equal; for it was his constant boast till within these few years, that none he had ever met with could overtake him in a day's work. It is not to be understood that he *possessed an extensive farm*; no, he was a *labouring farmer*, and his industry was seldom equalled; for he not only laboured the six days incessantly, but the seventh also was by him completely occupied, he being clerk and sexton to three distinct parishes. His universal good humour rendered him a welcome guest at all convivial meetings in his neighbourhood; for he would sing a song or tell a story with heartfelt glee. The writer of this has more than once participated in the pleasure of his company in his jovial moments, and can truly say they were the happiest he ever experienced. W. A.

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DEATHS ABROAD.

In the Tagus, Captain Shipley, commander of the Nymphe frigate. Captain Shipley was about 26 years of age, and being of an enterprizing spirit, was employed with eight boats manned and armed from the Nymphe and Blossom frigates, to proceed up the Tagus under cover of the night, in order to attack a large Portuguese brig, mounting 20 guns, which lay moored near Belem Castle. It appears they approached the vessel unperceived, but found all access to boarding prevented by a very strong netting, which Captain Shipley was in the act of cuting away, when he was shot by a musket, and fell dead into the water. A midshipman and several seamen being also killed and wounded by the fire of musquetry, which is supposed to have proceeded from French troops on board, the enterprize was abandoned, and the boats got back without exciting any considerable alarm on shore. Captain Shipley, it is said, as a matter of precaution, (should he have been made prisoner), had taken his commission and a considerable sum of money with him.

Near Memel, Viscount Royston, eldest son of Lord Hardwicke. Viscount R. left England some time since for the continent, and was on his return, on the 7th of last month, in the ship Agatha, of Lubeck, when the vessel was wrecked in a storm, not far from Memel and his lordship was unfortunately drowned. There is something peculiarly remarkable in the fate of Lord Royston and his companions. This noble Lord has not been above two years from this country, and not one of those by whom he was accompanied on his departure has survived his fate. His tutor, private secretary, and steward, all died a natural death some time since; and his other attendants, together with the companions of his tour, sunk with him into a watery grave. His lordship had twice, since he went to the continent, escaped being drowned. In the course of the last winter he went down in a sledge, and was rescued by a Mr. Poole, who took him out of the ice by the hair of the head. For this Mr. Poole was handsomely rewarded by Lord Hardwicke. Lord Royston was distinguished for great amiability of disposition and activity of mind. He wanted but a few weeks of attaining his 24th year. A private letter from Memel, dated April 9, says, Lord Royston, and other passengers in the Agatha, had engaged that vessel under Captain Koop, at Liebau, to carry them over to Sweden. They set sail on Sunday the 3d inst. and reached Bornholm without any accident. The ice, and a violent north-west wind, having obliged them to return, the Captain unacquainted with the harbour of Memel, was stranded about six in the morning of the 7th inst. upon what is called the Suder Hacken. The violence of the wind, and the height of the waves, made it extremely difficult to approach the ship with the life-boat; but with great exertions the boat was brought so near the ship, that the Captain, three sailors, and a servant, succeeded in springing from the bowsprit into the boat, and were saved. No other persons could be rescued during the whole of that day. On the 8th, four passengers and two children were saved. There were on board nineteen passengers, of whom three were children and six servants; and there were nine belonging to the vessel. The following were washed over-board and drowned: Lord Royston and two servants; Colonel Pollen and one servant; D. T. Baclay, from St. Petersburgh; —— Renney, from Riga; —— Becker, from Hamburgh; and one servant, one nurse, and five of the ship's crew; Mr. Focke, of Hamburgh, and one servant maid, died on board the vessel during the nights of the 7th and 8th. Of those who were brought on board, and who likewise died, one sailor and the youngest child of Mrs. Barris. The others who were rescued, and are still living, are the lady of Colonel Pollen, Mr. Holleday, from Petersburgh, Mrs. Barris, with two children, and M. Pereira, who had been sent by the Portuguese Chargé des Affaires from Petersburgh to Portugal; but the extraordinary exertions he had made to save his companions, occasioned his death the day after.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES.

APRIL 25, to MAY 23, 1808, inclusive.

[Extracted from the London Gazette.]----The Solicitors' Names are between Parentheses.

ANDERSON J. Dean-street, piano-forte-maker, (Adams, Old Jewry). Armett T. Rainow, cotton-spinner, (Townsend, Staple-Inn). Astwick, B. Flockton, (Evans, Thavie's Inn). Alvey J. Fleet, Lincoln, victualler, (Wilson, Greville-street).

Baily M. Lower James-street, fancy trimming-maker, (Naylor, Great Newport-street). Byrne J. Liverpool, wine and spirit merchant, (Windle, John-street). Baker C. Saville-place, Lambeth, flour factor, (Alcock and Co. York-street, Southwark). Beattie, J. Longtown, Cumberland, merchant, (Atkinson, Chancery-lane). Byrne, J. and E. Lewin, Liverpool, beer-merchants, (Orred, Liverpool). Beale, L. and T. A. Basinghall-street, warehousemen, (Hunt, Surrey-street). Bradley, J. Leeds, dealer, (Sykes and Co. New Inn). Burtenwood, S. Deal-street, Mile End, dealer, (Davies, Lothbury). Bryan, R. Greek-street, tallow-chandler, (Sweet, King's-Bench-Walks). Buxton, T. Langfield, liquor-merchant, (Wiglesworth, Gray's-Inn-square). Bishop, T. Birmingham, plater, (Egerton, Gray's-Inn). Barrs, W Jun. Birmingham, edge-tool maker, (Constable, Symond's-Inn). Bell W. Bristol, linen-draper, (Whitcombe and Co. Serjeant's-Inn). Bell J. Trowbridge, clothier, (Williams, Red-Lion-square) Binford T. Kent Road, soap-manufacturer, (Syddall, Aldersgate-street). Baseley H. E. Brackley, money-scrivener, (Hilditch, High Holborn). Brown J. Berwick-upon-Tweed, corn-merchant, (Burn, Old Jewry).

Courtney J. Merthyr Tydvil, Glamorgan, inn-keeper, (Jenkins, New-Inn). Clutton O. Tooley-street, corn-merchant, (Broad, Union-street) Clarke J. Dorset street, jeweller, (Mayhew, Symond's-Inn). Cheyney J. Oxford-street, linen-draper, (Birkitt, Bond-court). Chapman S. Woolpit, shop-keeper, (Egerton, Gray's-Inn). Crakanthorp H. Liverpool, corn-merchant, (Windle, John-street). Clough T. Bramley, Leeds, clothier, (Lambert, Hatton Garden). Coles J. Stepney, tailor, (Vandercom and Co. Bush-lane). Casson C. Halifax, merchant, (Coulthurst, Bedford-row). Craven E. Clayton-le-Woods, Lancaster, cotton and muslin manufacturer, (Cheshire and Co Manchester). Chapple J. Grace's-alley, hosier, (Smith and Co. Chapter-house)

Dixon T. Birmingham, money-scrivener, (Alexander, Bedford-row). Deacon H. Tokenhouse-yard, stock-broker, (Hackett, Chancery-lane). Davies C. St. John-street, carpenter, (Harvey, Cursitor street). Dawson E. Hinckley, hosier, (Ware, Gray's-Inn

Edwards E. Liverpool, butcher, (Blackstock, Saint Mildred's-Court). Eaton D. Chatham, draper, (Dawes, Angel-court). Evans T. Coventry-street, linen-draper, (Nind, Great Prescot-street).

Forshaw R. Burscough, shopkeeper, (Blackstock, St. Mildred's-court). Farbridge R. Paragon-place, timber-merchant, (Sheffield, Great Prescot-street).

Gresswell R. Stamford, inn-keeper, (Thompson, Stamford). Green W. Liverpool, cutler, (Rowlinson, Church-yard-court). Girdler J. Lambeth-road, sword-cutler, (Rogers Manchester-buildings, Westminster). Gregory J. Wakefield, maltster, (Lambert, Hatton Garden)

Holmes D. Piccadilly, warehouseman, (Bleasdale and Co. New-Inn). Heeley D. Birmingham, tailor, (Bleasdale and Co. New-Inn). Henriques J. New-square, merchant, (Hughes, Clifford's-Inn). Huxley C. Foster-lane, wholesale glover, (Becke, Bream's Buildings). Holland J. Newman-street, coal-merchant, (Timbrell, St. Martin's-street). Hamer. J. Blackburn, dealer, (Clarke and Co. Chancery-lane). Hogg W. Chiswell-street, merchant, (Williams, Austin-Friars). Hindle, J. and W. Kenyon L. and Stansfield A. Scatcliffe, calico-printers, (Wordsworth and Co. Staple-Inn). Hill G. Tottenham-court-road, cabinet-maker, (Tourle and Co. Doughty-street).

Jones J. Old Gravel-lane, Wapping, (Barber and Co. Old Broad-street). Jackson J. Topsham, Devon, lime-burner, (Williams and Co. Lincoln's-Inn). Jacobs M. Portsea, slopseller, (Isaacs, George-street, Minories).

Kendall R. H. Little Carter-lane, Doctor's Commons, sugar-refiner, (Pearce and Co. Swithin's-lane)

M'Lachlan A. and Galt J. otherwise Galt J. B. Great St. Helen's, (Swain and Co. Old Jewry). Lister P. Slater-Jug, York, cotton-spinner, (Milne and Co. Temple). Lister P. Heptonstall, Halifax, Lister W. Morton, Bingley, and Longbottom J. Streeton, Kedwick, Yorkshire, cotton-spinners, (Exley and Co. Furnival's-Inn). Lazarus L. Brown's Buildings, London, slopseller, (Isaacs, Mitre-court, Aldgate).

Mosely, J. late of Goole, but now of Swinfleet, potatoe-merchant, (Bourdillon and Co. Little Friday-street). Mills J. T. Maze, Southwark, coal-merchant, (Hayward, Great Ormond-street). Malden, J. Grafton street, St. Pancras, grocer, (Williams, Upper John-street, Fitzroy-square).

Mills R. A. and Harding J. late of Sherrard-street, Golden-square, japanners, (Howell, Sion-College-Gardens). Middlecoat N. Tregony, inn-keeper, (Palmer and Co Copthall-court. Mason W. Heartley-place, Kent-road, brandy-merchant (Kippon, Bermondsey-street, Southwark).

Le Norman P and Dornant Mary Henry, otherwise Dornant M. H. Kent-road, soap-manufacturer, (Kigby, Temple). Newell J and S. Stoke, Stafford, carriers, (Rose and Co. Gray's-inn-square) Napper P. Bristol, haberdasher, (James, Gray's-inn-square).

Ogden J. Oldham, hatter, Lancaster, (Townshend, Staple-Inn). Oakley F. Hereford, wool-stapler, (Walton, Girdler's-hall, Basing-hall-street)

Parke, S F. East Smithfield, liquor-merchant, (Smith and Co. Great St. Helen's). Payne W. Bath, druggist, (Sweet, King's-Bench-Walks). Prentis J. Boston, Yorkshire, dealer and chapman, (Edmund's, Lincoln's-Inn). Parkinson F. Kingston upon-Hull, merchant, (Rosser and Son, Bartlett's-building's, Holborn). Perring J. Chalford, clothier, (Chilton, Exchequer-Office, Lincoln's Inn). Peters J G. Chatham, confectioner, (Cooper and Co. Southampton-buildings). Piper W. Chester-street, Kennington, bricklayer, (Howard, Temple).

Robinson C. Wood-street, cloth-worker, (Gale and Son, Bedford-street). Royds, Littleborough, woollen-manufacturer, (Hurd, Temple). Rowntree R. Holderness, miller, (Rosser and Son, Bartlett's-buildings). Robinson T. Great St. Helen's, factor, (Kearsey, Bishopsgate Within). Rutter R. Blackburn, currier, (Ellis, Cursitor-street). Restorick W. Cole's-Mill, Colyton, miller, (Abbott, Old Broad-street). Rumbold R Burr-street, merchant, (Bourdillon and Co. Little Friday-street).

Stiles J. Air-street, carpenter, (Rice and Co. Dufour's-place, Broad-street). Skaite R. Liverpool, ironmonger. (Shephard and Co. Bedford-row). Smith J Manchester, cotton manufacturer, (Kay and Co. Manchester). Shepherd J. Horton-Mills, Colebrook, leather-seller, (Davies, Lothbury). Simmons J. Leicester, druggist, (Egerton, Gray's-Inn). Spottiswoode, R. Austin Friars, scrivener, (Wadeson and Co. Austin Friars).

Topp T. Manchester, cotton-manufacturer (Ellis, Cursitor-street). Troutbeck C. Rathbone-place, upholsterer, (Anrici, Sion-College-Gardens). Tebb T. Wardour-street, currier, (Swinford, Nicholas-lane).

Unsworth E. Ardwick, Manchester, cotton-spinner, (Ellis, Cursitor-street). Underhill S Sheerness, slopseller, (Templer, Burr-street).

Wickstead R. Cary-lane, scrivener, (Falcon, Elm-court). Wheeler J. Abingdon, grocer, (Maddock and Co. Lincoln's-Inn). Wolfe B. Charlotte-street, Blackfriar's, oilman, (Hatton, Dean-street). Wright W. Ashby-de la Zouch, draper, Leicester, (Atkinson, Castle street). Williams W. Park-street, Islington, carpenter, (Jackson, Hatton-Garden). Watts W. Gloucester, victualler, (Simmons, Bristol).

PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, WATER WORKS, and BREWERY SHARES, &c. &c.

May 21, 1808.

London Dock Stock, 117*l.* per Cent.
East-India ditto, 120*l.* ditto.
West-India ditto, 153*l.* ditto.
Commercial Dock Shares, 126*l.* ditto.
Grand Junction Canal, 97*l.* per share.
Grand Surrey ditto, 63*l.* ditto.
Imperial Fire Insurance, 11½*l.* per cent. prem.
Globe Fire and Life ditto, 115*l.* per cent.
Albion ditto ditto, 3*l.* per cent. prem.
Hope ditto ditto, 25*s.* per Share prem.
Rock Life Assurance, 5*s.* ditto.
East London Water works, 60*l.* ditto.
West Middlesex ditto,
South London ditto, 55*l.* ditto.
Golden-lane Brewery, 80*l.* per share.
Southwark ditto, Par
London Institution, 65*gs.* per share
Eagle Insurance, 5*s.* per share prem.

L. WOLFE and Co. *Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers.*

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE late intervals of warm and seasonable weather, with the intervening genial showers, have produced a favourable alteration upon the wheats and spring crops. The cross harrowing and ploughing of fallows have succeeded well. In some parts the breaking of summer pastures has commenced with tolerable promise.

The scarcity of cattle food is no longer apprehended as the effects of a long and cold winter, and of the relief from grass no doubt is in general entertained Vegetation, which had been retarded through the absence of the sun and warmth, has recovered sur-

prisingly; the spring grasses in particular have been much benefited. The spring corn is generally sown, and the young crops begin to look well and healthy. The accounts from the north are no longer alarming.

With very few exceptions, every agricultural process is going on prosperously, and in the usual train. Early potatoes promise to plant finely, and if the season should be tolerably moist, it may possibly be a great potatoe year.

Though all sorts of cattle and pigs are in great plenty all over the country, the probability that fat stock would be scarce in the summer, from the backwardness of the spring, has somewhat declined in consequence of the late favourable change of the weather.

In the late scarcity of cattle food, experienced in the early part of the season, the thousand headed cabbage mentioned in the last report has been found to be of the utmost utility: happily this new plant is found to resist the severest climates. The late scarcity and dearth of hay and fodder, in general, is still felt in the vales, and prices of lean stock, the value of which is not yet recovered.

Smithfield—Beef, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 6d.; mutton, 4s. 8d. to 5s. 4d.; lamb, 6s. to 7s. 4d.; veal, 5s. to 6s. 4d.; pork, 4s. 8d. to 5s. 8d.

Middlesex, May 25.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs. Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended May 14, 1808.

INLAND COUNTIES.	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d	s.	d.
Middsx.	75	2	49	10	45	2	39	11
Surrey	77	8	50	0	44	8	42	0
Hertford	70	10	43	0	45	0	36	0
Bedford	68	9	50	2	42	6	37	5
Huntin	66	7	——		43	11	34	0
Northa.	68	8	45	6	40	10	35	0
Rutland	75	0	——		50	0	38	0
Leicest	73	9	47	1	41	8	33	2
Notting.	80	8	48	4	48	0	35	8
Derby	81	6	——		45	6	35	8
Stafford	78	7	——		39	6	32	2
Salop	79	8	60	6	41	6	34	5
Herefor.	67	0	41	6	33	4	33	2
Wor'st.	72	9	——		38	9	37	2
Warwic	76	4	——		45	5	37	4
Wilts	66	10	——		39	4	36	2
Berks	75	8	——		41	0	37	10
Oxford	71	10	——		39	4	35	9
Bucks	72	4	——		43	8	41	2
Brecon	68	10	44	9	34	2	26	8
Montgo.	74	8	——		33	7	33	10
Radnor.	66	5	——		34	5	29	5

MARITIME COUNTIES.	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats.	
	s.	d	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Essex	73	2	46	0	46	2	39	9
Kent	73	3	——		49	3	37	6
Sussex	70	0	——		45	6	36	9
Suffolk	70	2	48	0	45	2	36	4
Cambridge	68	7	——		41	10	33	5
Norfolk	67	11	——		41	8	33	0
Lincoln	72	1	55	6	43	11	33	3
York	70	7	——		41	4	32	11
Durham	74	0	——		44	0	30	11
Northumberland	63	9	48	5	44	8	35	7
Cumberland	85	6	63	5	44	9	35	1
Westmorland	86	11	68	0	48	0	34	11
Lancaster	80	1	——		41	1	30	11
Chester	75	10	——		47	4	——	
Flint	69	8	——		44	8	——	
Denbigh	80	8	——		43	0	29	3
Anglesea	——		——		——		27	0
Carnarvon	82	0	——		37	6	26	6
Merioneth	74	1	——		40	0	23	0
Cardigan	75	5	——		33	0	22	8
Pembroke	62	8	——		35	8	23	10
Carmarthen	64	6	——		35	9	22	10
Glamorgan	70	11	——		42	8	26	8
Gloucester	72	5	——		38	4	——	
Somerset	69	9	——		36	7	30	7
Monmouth	76	2	——		——		——	
Devon	70	8	——		38	6	27	11
Cornwall	70	1	——		36	3	25	6
Dorset	69	1	——		40	0	——	
Hants	69	9	——		40	11	33	0

Average of England and Wales.

Wheat 72s. 11d.; Rye 50s. 7d.; Barley 41s. 4d.; Oats 33s. 0d.; Beans 57s. 6d.; Pease 66s. 5d.; Oatmeal 45s. 3d.

BILL of MORTALITY, from MAY 3, to MAY 24, 1808.

CHRISTENED.			BURIED.		
Males	756	1475	Males	725	1421
Females	739		Females	696	
Whereof have died under two years old		409			

Between					
2 and 5	174	60 and 70	126		
5 and 10	67	70 and 80	81		
10 and 20	51	80 and 90	39		
20 and 30	79	90 and 100	6		
30 and 40	136				
40 and 50	133				
50 and 60	125				

Peck Loaf, 3s. 8d. 3s. 9d. 3s. 10d. 3s. 10d.

Salt, 20s. per bushel, 4½ per lb.

PRICE OF STOCKS, from APRIL 26, 1808, to MAY 26, 1808, both inclusive.

Days 1808	Bank Stock.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3 p Cent. Reduc.	4 p. Ct. Cons.	Navy 5 p. Cent.	N. 5 p. Ct.	Long Anns.	Omn.	Irish Om.	Imperial 3 p. Cent	Imperial Anns.	Irish 5p.C	Irish Ann	S. Sea Stock.	S. Sea Anns.	India Sto.	India Bonds	Exche. Bills	Lottery Tickets
Apr.																			
26	234½	66⅜ ⅛	65⅞	83⅝	98½	—	18 7-16ths	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	180	2s. pm	11s.pm	20 19
27	—	66⅜ ½	65⅝	83⅞	98⅝	—	18 7-16ths	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	180½	5s pm.	11s.pm	20 19
28	234¾	66⅜ ⅝	65⅝	83¾	98⅝	98½	18⅜	—	—	—	—	95	—	—	—	182	4s. pm	9s. pm.	20 19
29	235	66⅝ ⅜	65⅞	83	98⅝	—	18 7-16ths	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	182½	4s. pm	8s. pm.	20 19
30	—	66⅝ ⅜	65¾	83	98⅝	—	18⅜	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2s. pm	8s. pm.	20 19
May																			
2	235	66½ ⅜	65¾	83	98⅝	—	18⅜	—	—	65	—	—	—	—	—	—	3s. pm	9s. pm.	20 19
3	—	66¾ ½	66⅛	83½	99	—	18⅜	—	—	—	71½	95	—	—	—	182	5s. pm	10s pm	20 19
4	—	67⅛ ⅜	66⅜	84⅛	98⅞	—	18⅜	—	—	65¾	—	96	—	—	—	181¾	3s pm	11s pm	20 19
5	237	67⅜ ⅞	67	84⅜	100	—	18⅜	—	—	—	7 11-16th	—	—	—	—	182	5s. pm	10s.pm	20 19
6	237½	67½ ¾	66⅞	84⅛	99⅞	—	18 11-16ths	—	—	66	7¾	—	—	—	—	181¼	4s. pm	10s.pm	20 19
7	—	67¾ ⅝	67⅛	84⅜	99⅞	—	18¾	—	—	—	¾	96⅝	—	—	—	182	4s. pm	10s.pm	20 19
9	—	67½ 68	67⅛	84⅜	99⅞	—	18⅜	—	—	—	7 11-16th	—	—	—	—	182	5s. pm	9s. pm.	20 19
10	—	68⅛ ⅜	67⅛	84⅞	100	—	18⅞	—	—	66½	—	96⅝	—	—	—	182¼	4s. pm	9s. pm	20 19
11	—	68⅛	67⅜	84⅞	99⅞	—	18 13-16ths	—	—	66½	—	96⅝	—	—	—	—	4s. pm	9s. pm	20 19
12	238¾	67⅝ 68	67⅛	84¼	99¾	—	18¾	—	—	66	7 13-16th	96¼	—	—	—	181	4s. pm	8s. pm.	20 19
13	239	68⅛ ⅜	67⅛	85	100	—	18 13-16th	—	—	66½	¾	—	—	—	—	180	3s pm	9s. pm.	20 19
14	—	68⅛ ½	67⅜	85⅛	100	—	18¾	—	—	66½	—	96⅝	—	—	—	179½	3s. pm	8s. pm	20 19
16	—	68¼ ⅜	67⅜	85⅛	100	—	18 11-16ths	—	—	66½	—	—	—	—	—	179	3 pm	9s pm	20 19
17	holiday																		
18	239½	68⅛ ½	67⅜	85¼	100	—	18 11-16ths	—	—	66½	¾	—	—	—	—	179	4s. pm	8s. pm.	20 19
19	239¾	68⅛ ¼	67⅛	85¼	100	—	18⅝	—	—	—	7 11-16th	—	—	—	—	178½	4s. pm	8s pm.	20 19
20	239¾	67⅞ 68⅛	67⅛	84⅜	100	—	18⅝	—	—	66¼	—	—	—	—	—	178	4s pm.	8s. pm.	20 19
21	239½	67⅜ 68	67⅛	84⅜	99⅞	—	18 9-16ths	—	—	—	7 11-16th	—	—	—	—	—	4s. pm	7s. pm	20 19
23	—	67⅜ ⅞	67⅛	84⅛	99⅞	—	18 9-16ths	—	—	66	—	—	—	—	—	178	4s. pm	8s. pm.	20 19
24	—	67¼ 68	67⅛	84⅛	99⅞	—	—	—	—	66½	7 9-16th	—	—	—	—	177	5s. pm	8s. pm.	20 19
25	239½	67⅜ 68	67⅛	84½	100	—	18 9 16ths	—	—	66⅓	—	—	—	73	—	176¾	3s. pm	8s pm	20 19
26	holiday																		

N. B. In the 3 per Cent Consols the *highest* and *lowest* Price of each day is given; in the other Stocks the *highest* only.

City Lottery Tickets 7*l.* 19*s.*

EDWARD FORTUNE, STOCK-BROKER and GENERAL AGENT, No. 13, Cornhill.

26	holiday																						

N B. In the 2 per Cent Consols the *highest* and *lowest* Price of each day is given; in the other Stocks the *highest* only.

City Lottery Tickets 7*l.* 19*s.*

EDWARD FORTUNE, STOCK-BROKER and GENERAL AGENT, No. 18, Cornhill.